HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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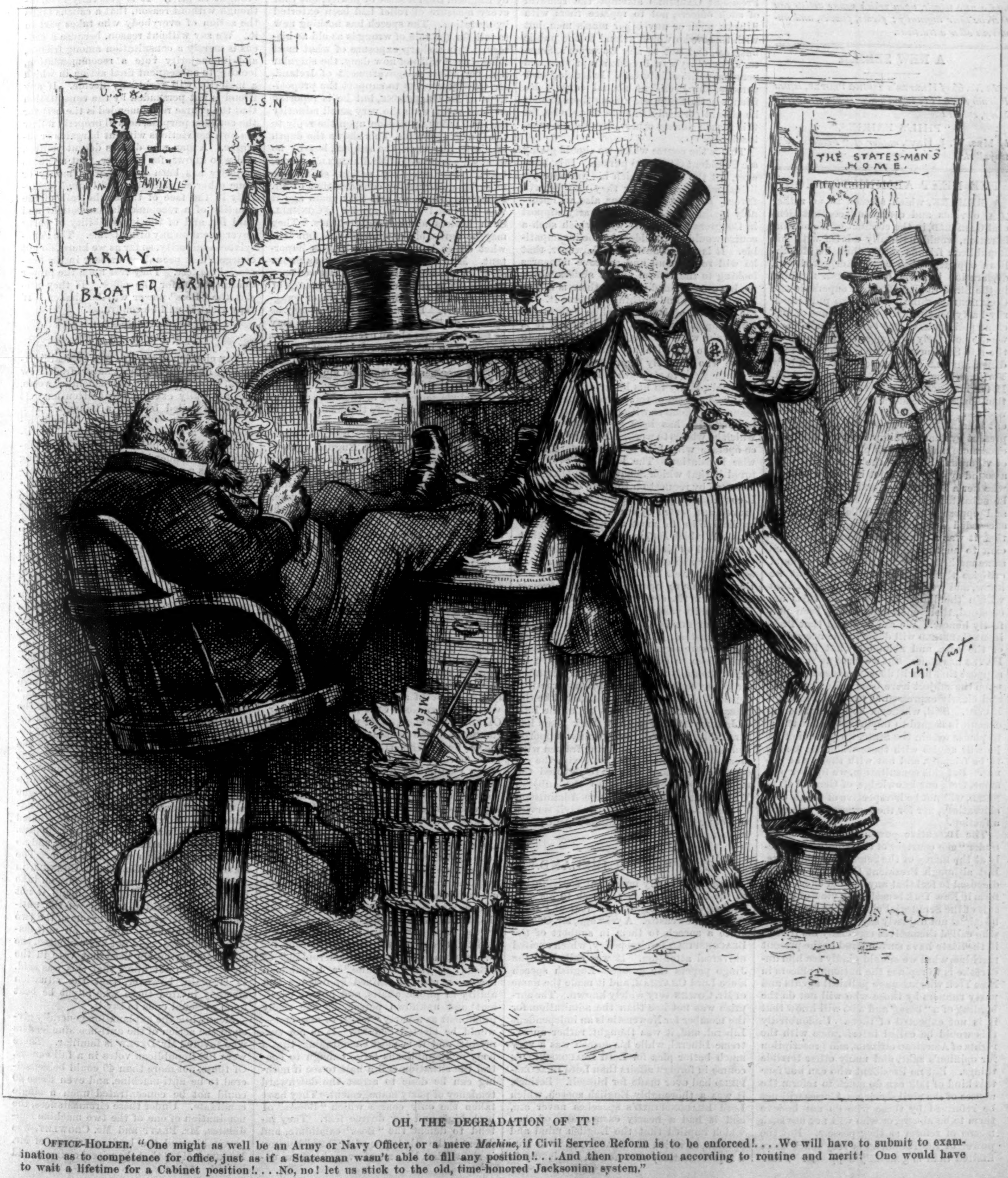


OH, THE DEGRADATION OF IT!

OFFICE-HOLDER. "One might as well be an Army or Navy Officer, or a mere *Machine*, if Civil Service Reform is to be enforced!....We will have to submit to examination as to competence for office, just as if a Statesman wasn't able to fill any position!....And then promotion according to routine and merit! One would have to wait a lifetime for a Cabinet position!....No, no! let us stick to the old, time-honored Jacksonian system."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 65 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued January 25, contains Chapter Six of "Toby Tyler," in which Toby meets with an accident, and the reader is introduced to "Mr. Stubbs"; "A Little Arab Girl's Mission," telling how many Arab children are bought and sold for a few pennies, illustrated; "Lucky Tom's Shadow," a story of the Life-saving Service, illustrated; "The Adventures of a Runaway King," a historical Sketch; "The New Scholar," a story by* EMILY LELAND; *Chapter Seven, and last, of "Mildred's Bargain"*; THOMAS HOOD'S *ballad of "Faithless Sally Brown," with a full page of original illustrations by* FROST; *a full page of Wiggles, and a new wiggle, upon which young artists can exercise their ingenuity; poems, puzzles, and numerous other attractions.*

A NEW SERIAL.

In No. 66 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued February 1, will be begun a new Illustrated Serial Story, entitled*

"PHIL'S FAIRIES,"

by MRS. W. J. HAYS, *author of "Princess Idleways," etc.*

THE NEXT ADMINISTRATION.

A REMARK, which seemed to us rather obvious and commonplace, that General GARFIELD, in the conduct of his administration, would naturally advise with his Republican friends rather than his Republican opponents, has been interpreted as a declaration in favor of a BLAINE machine in the State of New York to supersede the CONKLING machine. This is an unnecessarily hasty conclusion. Our opinions of machine politics have not been concealed, and we are not likely to change them in view of the late Senatorial election. Should President GARFIELD attempt to construct a New York machine, he can not do it in the dark. If, for instance, in order to make the Custom-house the head-quarters of State politics, as it was for some years before the present administration, he should abandon the present system of minor appointment, and once more make all such places the rewards of vigorous "heeling," the abandonment of a sound system could not be concealed, and whether a BLAINE or a CONKLING favoritism be substituted, we should certainly expose and oppose it. When Collector MERRITT succeeded Collector ARTHUR, we were told that it was a mere change from one politician to another. We replied that if the same methods were still pursued, we should criticise them in the same way. But we know, and we challenge contradiction, that within the limits to which the rules are confined, their enforcement has been perfectly honest. We are now told that President GARFIELD will defer to the necessities of the case, and abandon what President HAYES has done. But we have no reason to suppose that he will do so, because his views upon the subject have been quite as forcibly and clearly expressed as those of President HAYES. Still, whenever he has occasion to consult in regard to important nominations to places within the State, we presume that he will advise with those whom he knows to be friendly, and not with those who are not. But this consultation, we further presume, from our knowledge of General GARFIELD, will not be irrespective of public considerations, nor for the purpose of fostering a faction.

The Executive power within the State, under "the courtesy of the Senate," is largely at the mercy of the Senators of the State. But although President GARFIELD may be disposed to feel that any further effort at reform in New York is useless, in view of the result of the Senatorial election, and although he might not unjustly say that some of those who called themselves especially his friends in the State have surrendered to the present machine, what we should gladly see him undertake is to replace the national officers in New York who are mere political agents and party runners by those who will not do the bidding of a "boss," and who will know that it is not expected of them. Undoubtedly this would be called interference with the rights of American citizens, and proscription for opinion's sake, and many other terrible things. But no President who can not face this kind of talk can do much to reform the abuses of the civil service. Abuses will not be reformed by those who do not believe them to be abuses, or who will not use such means of reform as they possess. But the power of the President is very much more limited than is generally supposed. President HAYES has been sharply censured in New York by the opponents of the existing machine for "tying up" his friends in office, and "letting loose" his opponents by not removing them when they violated his order of June, 1877. But in every instance of attempted removal, he would have been opposed as he was opposed in the change at the New York Custom-house, and his success would have depended wholly upon the humor of Democratic Senators. We wish, nevertheless, that he had attempted it. But to remove, he must have given reasons, and if he had alleged "political activity," it is by no means clear that zeal for civil service reform would have induced Democratic Senators to approve such a reason for removal. Besides, those who most loudly blame him for not removing these officers—whom, we repeat, we wish that he had tried to remove—desired the removals in order to procure the appointment of other officers who would be just as politically active, but in the interests of other persons. We would have President GARFIELD attempt the removal of such officers, not to replace them with BLAINE men, or any other man's men, but with those who would attend to the public business, and not to any Governor's, Senator's, Secretary's, or President's private and personal political interests. In seeking such persons, the President should consult his friends in the State, and among those friends he should certainly include those who, for this reason among others, favored his nomination.

This is the course which we should gladly see President GARFIELD pursue. It is, however, not the course which his intimate political advisers, whoever they may be, will favor. His own convictions, also, will probably incline him to a strong party support in Congress—a support with which such a course would be considered to be incompatible. It is fair to anticipate, however, that he will recommend and approve measures looking to the reform of the abuses which we have mentioned. When there is a law, he will gladly and faithfully enforce it. In the absence of law, and while reform depends upon Executive action alone, it is uncertain what he might think it wise to attempt to do with his restricted power. Those who sincerely desire reform must do what they can to strengthen his hands. He has said plainly in his letter of acceptance that "no system of reform can be made permanent or effective without the aid of legislation." He has here shown the way in which he wishes to work. Those who would co-operate with him must therefore favor wise legislation. The best bill ever matured is that which Senator PENDLETON introduced by request on the 10th of January. It contains the principles that have been approved and tested by experience, and made applicable in the most reasonable manner. This bill, which differs somewhat from that introduced by him earlier in the session, has the hearty approval of the Civil Service Association in New York. It is a simple, practicable measure, upon which all the friends of reform in the country can stand together. To secure its passage would be to aid President GARFIELD in the way that he has himself indicated. Those who are indifferent to a measure already proposed which would enable him to do something, will have no right, should it fail, to blame him hereafter for doing nothing. The present practical object of all friends of reform should be the passage of Mr. PENDLETON'S bill of the 10th of January, which the New York *Times* has admirably analyzed, and warmly supports, and which, we understand, was framed with great care and knowledge, and with the co-operation of those who have devoted the most thorough attention to the subject. Whatever the course of the new Administration may be, the reform of the civil service will be pressed by its friends as urgently and as confidently as ever.

MR. COWEN ON IRELAND.

THE latest really important contribution to the Irish debate is a speech to his constituents by Mr. COWEN, member of Parliament for Newcastle. A year ago, Mr. COWEN made a speech to them in support of the BEACONSFIELD foreign policy, which excited universal attention. It was called by the Jingo papers the greatest English speech since Lord CHATHAM, and it made the name of Mr. COWEN very widely known. The surprise was not less than the admiration, for the member for Newcastle is an independent Liberal, and, it was thought, rather an extreme Liberal, while his speech was a very much better plea for Lord BEACONSFIELD'S course in foreign affairs than Lord BEACONSFIELD had ever made for himself. Besides, it was a thoroughly English speech, which Lord BEACONSFIELD'S speeches never are, and it had a hearty earnestness of tone which implied that the English mind and opinion, of which Mr. GLADSTONE is so true a representative, were not all unfriendly to the Jingo policy. Mr. COWEN became at once the chief of the Liberal Jingoes, and, after Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT, he is evidently one of the most admirable of contemporary English orators.

His recent speech upon the Irish question is mainly significant, apart from its excellence as a speech, for the same reason as the speech of last year: it shows that the Irish question is apprehended by a thoroughly representative English mind precisely as it is seen by the best Irishmen. SWIFT, FLOOD, GRATTAN, and even O'CONNELL, would perceive that in such a speech, and for the reason that we mention, lies, at last, hope for Ireland. When upon the Irish question Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT represent in the government a strong English conviction, the day is breaking for Ireland, and Mr. COWEN'S speech is a sign of that conviction. It was, according to the report, a flowing and lucid historical sketch of the long Irish effort for fair play. It showed that nothing had ever been granted by England from a sense of justice, but that every measure of relief had been extorted by agitation. The speech has nothing new to tell, for the tale of wrong is as old as history. It is a sharp exposure of what most Englishmen will not now deny, the singular and persistent misgovernment of Ireland. Mr. COWEN expects to support the propositions of Mr. GLADSTONE, but he is reported to have voted with the very small minority for Mr. PARNELL'S motion upon the reply to the Queen's speech. This shows the depth of his feeling upon the subject, but by no means his approval of Mr. PARNELL'S course. Indeed, Parliamentary action should no more be governed by consideration of Mr. PARNELL than forty and fifty years ago it was governed by feeling for O'CONNELL. Such leaders are but figure-heads. They may be agreeable or disagreeable, but it is what comes behind them which is important. Mr. PARNELL stands to-day, as SWIFT stood in the beginning of the last century, and GRATTAN at its close, for the wrongs of Ireland. He may misstate them or exaggerate them. His methods of relief may be foolish and impracticable. His course may be unconstitutional and even criminal. But he is still an index-finger. It is not he, it is that at which he points, which England and the common-sense of mankind must look at. It is probable that the GLADSTONE bill will include something of the three F's, but whether that will satisfy the demand of Mr. PARNELL remains to be seen. The fundamental condition of any arrangement whatever must be always the English connection. But the basis of a peaceful connection must be obvious justice. We are inclined to think that the chance of really satisfactory legislation for Ireland is very much greater than ever before, although of all the renowned Irish leaders Mr. PARNELL seems to be the least impressive.

THE PENNSYLVANIA BOLT.

THE decision of fifty-six Republican members of the Pennsylvania Legislature not to be bound by the caucus nomination for United States Senator was an emphatic protest against "Boss" politics. The facts are that Mr. OLIVER, a gentleman generally unknown to the party in the State, was brought forward by what is known as the "Boss" influence, against Mr. GROW, who was evidently the choice of an imposing minority. It was the conviction of the minority that Mr. OLIVER was not a proper representative of the State in the Senate, and that his nomination by the caucus was a grave warning both of the power of "Boss" influence and of its results. If a stand was ever to be made, and the party saved from a ruthless personal despotism—for "Boss" rule is nothing else—they felt that the time had come to make it. They therefore refused to enter the caucus, and their action in the separate Houses on the day designated for the vote prevented an election. If they persist, and no bargain be made by either Republican wing with the Democrats, the caucus candidate can not be elected.

This situation is significant as showing the depth and sincerity of the opposition to the kind of politics of which Senator CAMERON is a representative. Except for the system known as "Cameronian," or "Boss," or the "machine," a Republican leader—a man of trained knowledge and ability in public affairs, and not an excellent and unknown person, or one solely prominent as a party "whip" or manager—would be elected Senator. It is not surprising, and it is most encouraging, that a body of Republicans large enough to control the situation call a halt to see if nothing can be done to arrest the downward tendency of party management. They have taken the only course which "Bosses" of both high and low degree fear. They intend to defeat the "Boss" candidate, and defeat is the sole terror of a "Boss," because it shows that his arts of every kind are unavailing, and arts of every kind, not principles or natural ascendency and leadership, are his only capital.

The angry reply to the action of the minority is that they make party government impossible by refusing to yield to the majority. The rejoinder to this reply is that it is not true. Nobody is bound by honor to take part in a caucus, and no one who does not take part is bound by its decisions. If a caucus majority can bind the vote of every member of a party upon one question, it can bind the vote upon every question. This reduces legislation to the rule of a minority of the Legislature, and thus the loud-mouthed engineer is hoist with his own petard. There is a great deal of this kind of nonsense current about the rule of the majority. "The majority" was loudly pleaded at the Utica Convention in New York last spring, with the intent of suppressing the majority of some districts by the majority of others. The good sense of the party prevailed, and various plots were thereby brought to grief. It is generally held, although without reason, that a caucus binds the action of everybody who takes part in it. We say without reason, because a caucus is merely a consultation among friends, and its majority vote a recommendation, looking to subsequent final action in which a majority will rightfully decide. If any friend is not persuaded by the consultation that the course recommended is the best for the common purpose, he will properly follow his own convictions without bargains or intrigue. A man who desires decent politics, and who knows, for instance, that a caucus majority has been bought with money or some other consideration, will laugh cheerfully in the face of those who talk of the sanctity of a recommendation bought and paid for, and of the impossibility of party government on any other terms. The Pennsylvania minority, so far as we know, do not charge illicit pecuniary bribery in the Senatorial contest. They rest upon the proper qualifications for the office. If they persist, the "Boss" power will be shaken. If they yield, it will be confirmed.

SENATOR PLATT.

THE election of Mr. PLATT, a typical "machine" Republican, as Senator from New York, by the aid of "anti-machine" votes, has naturally excited great attention. It has been hailed both as a triumph and a defeat of the present machine. It looks, indeed, like a surrender of some of the anti-machine leaders, but that it was an unconditional surrender is not evident. Viewing politics as a mere game for personal advantage, and not as a means of promoting principles, many things were possible in the late Senatorial contest which may have escaped attention. From the point of view of a game, it may have occurred to the "rebels" and "half-breeds" of last spring, who seemed to have been thrown out of all hopeful party relations, that they were in a position to dictate the terms not only of their return to fellowship, but of their promotion within the party. It is not absolutely impossible that it may have been intimated by those who professed to speak for Mr. PLATT that, should he become Senator, he might not feel it to be his duty to oppose the confirmation of any gentleman among his supporters, whatever his antecedents may have been, whether "half-breed" or "Mormon," who might be nominated to office under the GARFIELD administration. All that is involved in such a possibility, indeed, if actually carried out, would have reduced the election to a mere personal intrigue. But have such elections never been known to be mere personal intrigues? We have no knowledge whatever of any such intrigue in the late Senatorial contest. But the situation and its opportunities can be studied by anybody who reads the newspapers. There were two machine candidates, and no union between them was practicable. The ARTHUR wing humiliated Mr. CORNELL in 1876. Why should not Mr. CORNELL take his revenge in 1881? Why should it not have been suggested to some of the anti-machine leaders, on behalf of one of the two machine candidates, that, as an anti-machine candidate could not be nominated, the anti-machine voters need not vote in the air? We do not know that this was said. It is plain, however, that the situation strongly invited those who might be bent upon personal ends to say it.

Meanwhile the explanation generally given of the action of the anti-machine leaders who favored Mr. DEPEW is familiar. There were 106 Republican votes in a full caucus. Of these, not more than 40 could be considered to be anti-machine, and even these 40 could not be concentrated upon a single candidate. Under these circumstances, the nomination of one of the two machine candidates, Mr. PLATT and Mr. CROWLEY, was inevitable, and the leading friends of Mr. DEPEW decided that the wisest course would

be to vote for the machine candidate whose election would tend "to split the machine." They therefore voted upon the first ballot for Mr. PLATT, upon the theory that there is a personal contest for supremacy within the machine, which would be aggravated by their votes, and that those machine leaders whom they especially dislike were favorable to Mr. CROWLEY'S election. This is the explanation generally given of what looked like an ignominious surrender. But we think that, even from this point of view, the friends of Mr. DEPEW were mistaken in their course. If the great object of their movement was to show to the country and to the GARFIELD Administration that there is a large and resolute opposition in the State to "machine" rule, an opposition much larger relatively than the opposition vote in the Legislature, then obviously the true policy was to show the largest possible vote in the caucus against the machine. If this could be best done by casting the vote for several candidates, then that course should have been taken; because the purpose was not to elect an anti-machine Senator, which was conceded to be impracticable, but to show a strong opposition. The vote for the three anti-machine candidates should have been held to be the vote for a cause. If any one of them withdrew, the vote should have been given to the others who remained. If all withdrew, the vote should have been equally given to a new candidate of the same kind. If the object were to show to the new Administration a strong opposition in the State to the ruling "machine" in the party, every vote given to that machine, under whatever pretense, was a direct and inevitable blow at the main object, because it diminished the aggregate opposition vote. It reduced the anti-machine vote, and increased that of the machine, and by just so much it forfeited the claim of the opposition upon what is called "recognition" from the GARFIELD Administration. If the friends of Messrs. ROGERS and WHEELER had taken the course pursued by the friends of Mr. DEPEW, the triumph of the machine would have been complete, and there would have been no anti-machine wing whatever for the new Administration to "recognize." As it is, and upon the explanation offered, it is not the friends of Mr. DEPEW who voted for Mr. PLATT, but those of Mr. ROGERS and Mr. WHEELER who voted against both the machine candidates, who must be regarded as the anti-machine element to be "recognized" by the new Administration.

Of course the real explanation of the result is simple, however it was accomplished. O'CONNELL used to say that Whigs were only Tories out of place. The larger part of the opposition to Messrs. PLATT and CROWLEY was not an opposition to the machine, but only to the engineers in charge. The contest, therefore, was essentially personal; and so long as politics are based wholly upon patronage, the question of its disposition in any State is merely a personal question. That is the reason that patronage politics are always personal politics. Under such a system contests within a party are merely factional. It is very possible, therefore, that some changes may now take place within the Republican organization in this State. If the two Senators should differ upon questions of patronage, the one who agrees with the President will undoubtedly prevail. The Governor, with the entire State patronage, a strong contingent of those lately known as "anti-machine," and one of the Senators, would make a very neat new machine, to which, of course, those who are "anti-machine" in the true sense of opposition to the machine system would offer the same opposition of principle, and not of persons, that they offer to the present machine.

PRIVATE EXECUTIONS.

THE reports of the morbid excitement of the neighborhood of the Richmond County jail at the recent execution of REINHARDT are powerful arguments for the passage of the bill which Mr. BROOKS, the member of Assembly for Richmond County, had introduced into the Assembly before the execution took place. It is a bill which provides that persons condemned to death shall be sent to a State-prison, to be there executed privately and under strict regulations. This is the practice in New Hampshire, and perhaps in other States, and it is found to be most satisfactory. At present a criminal in a county jail under sentence of death is a kind of mock hero. He is visited by persons moved by the most degrading curiosity. Newspaper reporters publish elaborate details of his conversation and conduct. It is announced that "the death watch" is set upon him, and every look and movement and hue of the wretched culprit is carefully described: what he eats and drinks, how he is dressed, how he lies upon his bed—every dreary trifle is recorded, until in the minds of ignorant thousands of persons the factitious and maudlin-sentimental feeling for the man who is thus an object of universal attention wholly overcomes all sense of his guilt or of the justice of punishment. One woman is reported to have offered REINHARDT twenty dollars for a cat that had slept in his cell, and doubtless locks of his hair would have been eagerly sought and preserved by the same sickly feeling.

The sheriff of the county did nothing to encourage this kind of demonstration. All that was under his control was done with decency and gravity. As for the visiting, it is obvious that he might not have wished to deny to a dying man a simple request to see human beings. In any case, it is something that should not be left to the decision of his sympathies. The sheriff of the county, a most humane and excellent man, was wholly without responsibility for the kind of orgy that prevailed in the village during the hours just previous to the execution. The reports recall the descriptions of scenes at English executions during the last century. Men of middle life can recall the time when public executions in this country were scenes of a kind of horrible festivity. Men struggled and fought for good places from which to see and hear. They sat up all night to hold against all comers some favorable position. It was a terrible, a disgusting, and a degrading spectacle. One hanging, as was said, made a dozen. We remember two men carried to execution on the outskirts of a town, two or three miles from the jail. They were driven in an open barouche, like guests of state, a vast crowd running beside them, shouting, frenzied, gloating upon the spectacle of the doomed men. It was a ghastly pageant—so revolting that it put an end to public executions in that State.

There is a certain privacy in executions now, but the circumstances in the case of REINHARDT show how far from securing the objects of privacy the present practice is. When a man is condemned to death, he should be removed to a prison, and from that moment die to the public knowledge. We must not be understood as advocating capital punishment. But so long as the death penalty is inflicted, the gratification of the spurious and diseased curiosity, and the sure public demoralization which we have described, should be prevented by law. The object of the bill introduced by Mr. BROOKS, and of a similar bill of Mr. FORSTER'S in the Senate, is to secure the proper privacy which the law contemplates, and to deprive the worst criminals of that kind of personal public importance and attention which lightens the fear of the death penalty by giving it a glamour of sensational importance. The bill as proposed by Mr. BROOKS should be its own best argument, and it has the hearty approval of those who have thought most wisely upon the subject.

THE LATEST CONUNDRUM.

EDWARD LEAR, the artist and author of the delightful books of "Nonsense," is living at a villa near San Remo, in Tuscany, and is engaged upon a series of illustrations of TENNYSON'S landscapes in poetry. Unfortunately the publisher of the "Nonsense" books has failed, and a large part of the blocks have been lost. This is a serious annoyance to the genial artist, whose garden and painting-room at San Remo were recently destroyed by the burning of a neighboring hotel.

In a late letter Mr. LEAR says that he has just room to squeeze in his last conundrum: "In what part of the world are the ears of donkeys most brittle?—In Switzerland, because in that country they have glass ears! (N.B.—Glaciers)."

GOOD WORDS FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

GOVERNOR CORNELL, of New York, is very friendly to the voting of women in the management of schools; but Governor LONG, of Massachusetts, makes a strong statement of the equal right of all tax-payers and property-owners to a voice in the general government of the State and nation. It would be very hard to answer upon American principles the Governor's presentation of the case:

"I believe that the State is made more secure in proportion as every member of it of mature age and sound mind has a voice in its administration, and that no one class anywhere can be safely intrusted with the irresponsible keeping of the rights of any other. The restrictions on suffrage, and upon the right of each citizen to cast one vote and have it counted, should, therefore, be as light, and the safeguards of that right as strong, as possible. It is for this reason, as well as because suffrage is a right and not a grace, that, in my judgment, women, paying taxes as they do, and with their personal interests and property subject to legislation, should secure by an amendment to the Constitution the right to vote, and thereby have a voice in the imposition of taxes upon their property, and in the making of laws that affect their lives, liberty, and happiness."

Not less urgent and admirable is Governor LONG'S plea for the wise treatment of the insane—a subject which has been recently investigated by a special committee in New York. Massachusetts has adopted a system of supervision of all public charitable and penal institutions which has been found exceedingly effective. If the various boards of management are sensitive to supervision as involving some invasion of their jurisdiction, it must not be forgotten, as the Governor points out, that the only persons whose rights are in danger of neglect are the inmates of the institutions themselves.

Governor LONG condemns the plan of huge single hospitals for the insane, and advocates a more intelligent classification of the patients. Indeed, all that he says—and it is at some length—upon this point shows a knowledge and a wise sympathy which are credentials of his fitness for his high office. The committee of the New York Legislature, before reporting the results of their investigation, with their recommendations, will undoubtedly learn from the experience of Massachusetts, as well as of England, how desirable from every point of view is a system of thorough State supervision of the care of the insane.

SENATOR EDMUNDS AND WEST POINT.

SENATOR EDMUNDS tells the truth in his West Point report, and in his usual pungent way. Of the WHITTAKER inquiry he says that the young man was placed in a false position from the first, and he asks why, if the mere word of the white cadets acquitted them of all complicity, the same theory did not apply to the colored cadet. We hope that Mr. District Attorney TOWNSEND'S experience in this case will be made public. He is a man of ardent feeling, but his sympathies are no warmer on one side than the military authorities showed theirs to be upon the other.

Senator GARLAND says that there is every reason that the colored boys should receive full and equal advantages at West Point, but that no regulation of law can control the terms of social equality. He adds, tentatively, that "if it be deemed expedient to continue further this co-education," the matter must be left to time and experience, "which may result in its mitigation, or the complete separation of the two races in their military education."

Upon this point Senator EDMUNDS remarks that there is no insurmountable objection to the correction of existing evils at the Academy. The wise influence and example of the instructors and officers could do much to secure justice of feeling and treatment. If such a result is really not to be attained, Senator EDMUNDS thinks that it should be a matter of serious consideration whether the school should not be abolished. If in an institution supported by the country the equal rights of citizens can not be maintained, the mischiefs of such an example are very much greater than any technical advantages to be gained by a certain class.

GENERAL BUTLER'S LATEST HONOR.

THE chaotic condition of the Democratic party is shown by nothing more clearly than by the nomination of General BUTLER as a Senator of the United States by the Democrats of the Massachusetts Legislature. General BUTLER, according to universal Democratic assent, has long been the representative of all that is most dangerous and unprincipled in the Republican party. He left that party when he found that he could get nothing more from it, and when he supposed it would be beaten. He represents to-day nothing but baffled intrigue.

There are Democrats in Massachusetts of high ability and of honorable character to whom a party of any conviction and purpose would have offered the nomination, to show the kind of man whom it would elect if it could. But they are all passed by, and General BUTLER is unanimously selected as the party representative.

The Democratic party has apparently utterly "petered out," and no Democrat who does not deplore the Massachusetts Democratic nomination need affect contempt for the Republican nomination of Mr. PLATT in New York. He is not such a Senator as Republican New York should have selected, but he is not a mere political soldier of fortune.

PERSONAL.

SENATOR DENNIS, of Maryland, is supported by terrapins. He has twelve acres in a pond that is fed by salt-water. This is the largest terrapin farm in the world, and yields a large income. It is said that over 12,000 "counts" have been sold from it in a year. A "count" is a terrapin over seven inches long. These are sold at about $1 each. There are several terrapin farms in Maryland, but the principal terrapinner is Senator DENNIS.

—Aspirants for longevity should go into medicine. The London College of Physicians and Surgeons furnishes several remarkable instances: Dr. ARCHIBALD BILLING is 90; Dr. HURLOCK, of Brighton, 88; Sir T. WATSON, 88; Dr. A. TWEEDLE, 86; Dr. J. A. WILSON, of Dorking, 85; Dr. BISSETT HAWKINS, 84; Sir JAMES ALDERSEN, late President of the Royal College of Physicians, 80; Dr. CHRISTOPHER J. R. ALLATT, of Dover, 80; Sir GEORGE BURROWS, late President of the Royal College of Physicians, 79; Dr. JAMES MUSCROFT, of Pontefract, 95; Dr. T. M. GREENHOW, of Leeds, 90; Dr. ROBERT TAYLER, of Brighton, 91; Dr. JAMES MONCRIEFF ARNATT, late President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 87; Dr. JOHN FLINT SOUTH, of Blackheath, 84; Dr. CÆSAR HENRY HAWKINS, Sergeant-Surgeon to the Queen, 83; Dr. JAMES LUKE, consulting surgeon to the London Hospital, 83; Dr. ROBERT MCCORMICK, Deputy Inspector of Hospitals and Fleets, 83.

—The late JOSEPH F. ARMOUR, of Chicago, left $100,000 for the establishment of a mission church in the most thickly inhabited part of the city. Mr. ARMOUR was thoroughly impressed with the true needs of that people.

—An attractive and neatly printed journal, the *Critic*, is among the latest literary aspirants for public favor. It contains sixteen pages of reading matter pertaining to books, music, and pictures, and is to appear twice a month. In form and size it resembles the *Nation*. The first number, besides a number of interesting and excellent reviews and miscellaneous matter, contains an admirable and carefully studied article on WILLIAM BLAKE, from the pen of Mr. E. C. STEDMAN. Among the promised contributors to the *Critic* are "H. H.," SIDNEY HOWARD GAY, C. DUDLEY WARNER, Mr. GILDER, and other prominent writers.

—The well-known Leipsic illustrated paper *Die Gartenlaube* has dispatched one of its most gifted artists, Herr RUDOLF CRONAU, on a sketching tour around the world. Herr CRONAU, who is now in New York, intends to travel extensively in this country, and eventually to make his way to Japan and China by way of San Francisco. He is highly educated, intelligent, and observant, and will no doubt give our German friends just ideas of the scenery and people of the countries through which he journeys.

—Nothing like the pleasures of the chase. Here, for example, is young Mr. PAGET, son of Lord ALFRED PAGET, who has been hunting, with his wife, in Wyoming and Montana, where the thermometer was 29° below zero, and the wolves howling around them. Mr. PAGET had fur bags six feet long made for sleeping in. He and his wife each wore four pairs of woollen socks with moccasins over them, and fur shoes over all. And yet they were not happy!

—For the first time in the history of the Roman Church, the Pope has come to America for a prominent official. He has appointed the Rev. Dr. NEMO, of Villanova College, Philadelphia, Most Rev. Father-General of the Order of St. Augustine throughout the world. The head-quarters of the Order are at Rome, giving him a power corresponding with that of the Father-General of the Jesuits. Dr. NEMO is forty-five, of Roman birth, but came to this country fifteen years ago.

—The Hon. E. L. PIERCE, in giving recently some reminiscences of CHARLES SUMNER before the Massachusetts Club, said that Senator SUMNER "had no real enmities toward men. In 1872, NAST made a cartoon in which SUMNER was represented at the grave of BROOKS trying to spell out the inscription. SUMNER'S attention was called to it, but all he said was: 'What have I to do with BROOKS? It was not BROOKS—it was slavery.'" GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS was walking with SUMNER one day in the Congressional Cemetery, when he happened to see the name of BROOKS, and drew the Senator's eye to it. SUMNER looked a moment, and turned away, with the simple remark, "Poor fellow! poor fellow!"

—General LE DUC, Commissioner of Agriculture, who has an abiding faith in the capability of producing tea in the United States, has, with characteristic persistence, finally secured a site for the government tea farm on the Ashley River, thirty miles from Charleston, South Carolina. The soil is said to be equal to the tea soil of Asia, and operations will be commenced in a few weeks by planting the seed which produces English breakfast tea. The General is entirely confident that certain portions of Florida and South Carolina are as perfectly adapted to tea-culture as any soil in the East.

—The passion of Mr. CHARLES GODLING, of London, was to gather curious snuff-boxes, and his unique collection has just been purchased by Messrs. WERTHEIMER, of that metropolis, for $200,000. These dealers, who abandon themselves to antiquity, expect to make a good thing of it.

—Scarcely a week passes that we are not enabled to record among our "personals" some munificent bequest for charitable or public institutions. To-day we record the gift of $1,680,000 by the late Mr. JAMES E. BROWN, of Kittaning, Pennsylvania, to be used for home and foreign missions, educational purposes, etc. During the year 1880, over a half-million of dollars was given to the two Baptist educational institutions at Rochester. The colleges, hospitals, and other charities in the United States, at the rate endowments, benefactions, etc., are now going on, will within the next fifty years be by far the most magnificently endowed of any in the world.

—English judges are so well paid as to be able to lay up something for their families. Of the three who have recently died, Lord Justice THESIGER left $400,000; Lord Chief Baron KELLY, $300,000; and Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN, Lord Chief Justice, $200,000. Lord COLERIDGE, who succeeds the latter, is fifty-nine years old, and a peer of the realm. The salaries of the principal judges are, Lord Chancellor, $50,000; Lord Chief Justice of England, $40,000; Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, $35,000; Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, $35,000; Master of the Rolls, $30,000. The associate justices of these courts get from $25,000 to $30,000.

—Mr. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, on Christmas-day, is said to have made each of his daughters a present of one thousand shares of Lake Shore stock—an agreeable $8000 a year.

—Surrogate CALVIN makes some interesting statements in reference to the business transacted in his court during the past year. The most important is that property to the amount of at least $400,000,000 has been disposed of by the 4719 wills offered for probate. Two hundred and ninety-six wills were contested, including the VANDERBILT and STEWART wills, covering over $200,000,000 of property. Only twenty-two wills were rejected. The expenses of administering the surrogate's office amounted to about one-thirtieth of one per cent. of the amount coming within the jurisdiction of the court.

—Mrs. GARIBALDI is a character. A newspaper correspondent, who professes to be familiar with her character and ways, says: "She is a capital nurse, and very kind and devoted to GARIBALDI. She is as strong as a horse; can lift the old man in her arms, rubs him patiently, dresses and undresses him, and never gives him a cross word. She puts him to sleep as if he were a baby, and then locks him up in his bed-room if she is obliged to go away, so that he may not be disturbed. When they were living at Frascati, a few years ago, a deputation came all the way from Viterbo to visit the 'General of the Mille,' or Thousand. When the committee arrived, the members were told that it was impossible to see GARIBALDI, as he was asleep: Donna FRANCESCA had locked him in the bed-room, and gone off to Rome on business, with the key in her pocket. 'But we must see him,' the committee members cried; 'we have come all the way from Viterbo.' The reply was, 'Impossible, unless you can wait until Donna FRANCESCA returns.' They could not wait, and had to go back to Viterbo without an interview with the old General."

THE CAPTURE OF LIMA.

ABOUT the 14th of January a sanguinary battle took place at Chorillos, about nine miles south of Lima, between the Chilian and Peruvian armies. The latter were defeated with great slaughter, and the road to their capital was laid open. The victorious forces immediately advanced, and on the 17th of January took possession of the city without resistance. General PIEROLA, President of Peru, escaped capture by flight. His brother and the Peruvian Minister of War were taken prisoners.

Chorillos is a small town of some three thousand inhabitants, at the foot of the lofty cliffs of the Morro Solar, at the recess of a gently curving bay, inaccessible to any craft much above the size of fishing-boats. It is connected with Lima by a railroad, and is the residence of many persons whose business calls them daily to the capital. The town derives its name from the little water-falls along its perpendicular cliffs, below which are the most elaborate bathing accommodations on the Pacific coast of South America. There is a casino, or club and reading-room, built amid the bathing-houses over the water, to which access is gained down the cliff by a broad stone stairway. At the head of this stairway is a little plaza, ornamented with a bust of a martyr of the revolution, who was a native of the place. In the centre of the town is a handsome inclosed square, thickly planted with small trees and an abundance of flowers, and decorated with a fine marble statue of General RAMON CASTILLA, twice President of Peru, who is eulogized in the inscription as "the liberator of the Indian and the slave."

Chorillos is situated on the only possible pathway to Lima for an invader from the south, *i. e.*, along the sandy beach of the sea. A few miles southward is the town of Lurin, which has been recently the head-quarters of the Chilians, and between Lurin and Chorillos are the world-famous ruins of the temples, palaces, and fortresses of Pachacamac, built by the Yuncas, a race of Indians anterior to the Incas. The town has been the head-quarters for several sieges or assaults upon Lima. Just in front of it is the battle-field of La Palma, where General CASTILLA overthrew President RUFINO ECHINIQUE in 1854; and the late President PRADO carried Lima by a *coup de main* in 1864, from Chorillos as a base. Between Lima and Chorillos are hundreds of huacas, or artificial mounds, the fortresses and burial-places of an extinct race, more than one of which rival in mass the Pyramids of Ghizeh.

Advices received from the seat of war just before the battle at Chorillos state that the Chilians were in force at Chilca and Lurin, the latter place being held by 27,000 of the invaders, of all arms. The various divisions which landed at Pisco united with the last landed at Curayaco, and presented the front of battle to the Peruvian army, which had gone out to meet them.

The entire Peruvian army, except 7000 men under General LA COTERA, marched south during the closing days of December, and took up what are said to be good positions a little northward of Lurin. The Peruvians were said to number 35,000 men, so that the opposing forces were nearly equal in numbers, though in experience in the field, in discipline, arms, and trained and experienced officers, the Chilian force may be deemed superior. President PIEROLA commanded the Peruvians—an officer without practical service in the field, though with great pretensions as a theoretical soldier. His right-hand man was the venerable General BUENDIA, whose alleged bad management at the battle of San Francisco led to his defeat by a force numerically inferior, and to the loss to Peru of the valuable department of Tarapaca. The Chilians were commanded by General BAQUEDANO, a dashing cavalry officer, assisted by General VILLAGRAN, Minister of War, Colonel SOTOMAYER, Colonel LYNCH, and a number of others, who have served throughout the war. General BAQUEDANO is the hero of Tacna and Arica, and his officers have been under fire.

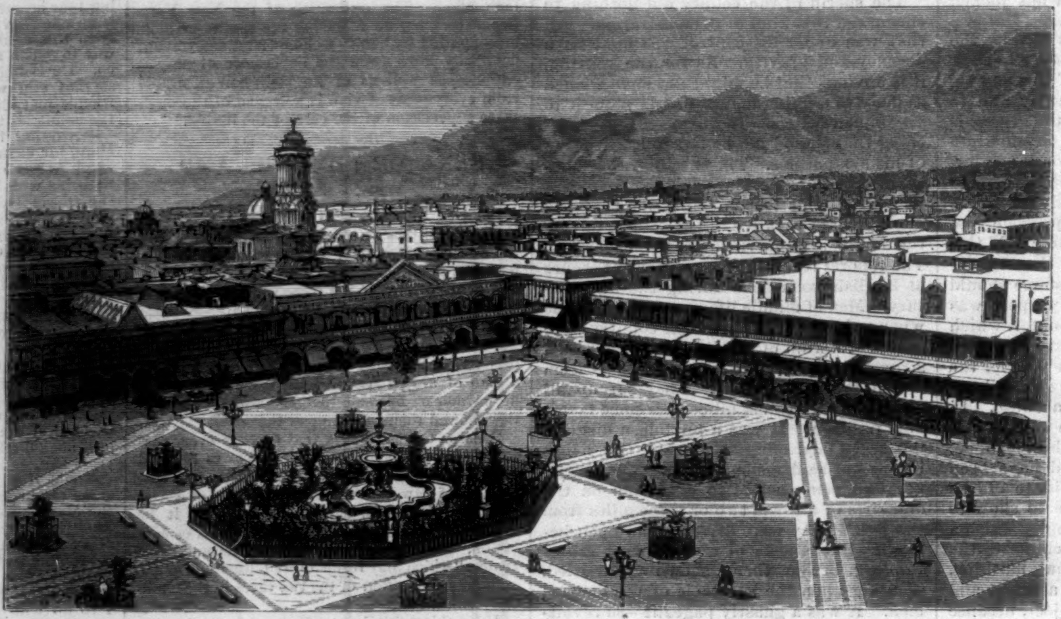
Ever since the capture of the *Huascar*, in October, 1879, the war has been a constant series of reverses for Peru. Early in November of that year, the Chilian General ERASMO ESCOLA, with a formidable army, landed at Pisagua, in the face of the enemy, scaled the frowning cliffs, dispersed the Bolivian brigade there encamped, and proceeded inland along the railway. A few days later, November 19, 1879, the hostile forces met on the hill of San Francisco, where the Peruvians, just after a desert march of a whole day, attempted to carry by storm the Chilian head-quarters. The army of BUENDIA was annihilated almost in a moment, their Bolivian allies crossing the Andes in homeward flight. A momentary success gained by BUENDIA at the town of Tarapaca, November 26, was but the prelude to his hopeless retreat upon Arica, where he was placed under arrest as responsible for the loss of two armies and a whole department.

Meanwhile General DAZA, who had set out from Arica with the main Bolivian army to effect a junction with BUENDIA, had retreated from Camarones on the second day, before coming within fifty miles of the enemy. This proof of cowardice or treachery cost him his dictatorship, by a movement of his own officers at Tacna in December, when Colonel CAMACHO assumed military command, and General NARCISO CAMPERO was called to the vacant Presidency at La Paz. General PRADO, "Supreme Director of the War," returned to Lima early in December to reorganize the defense, and on the 18th of that month, with as great a secrecy as practicable, embarked for New York and Europe on a "special commission" of great presumable importance, leaving the government in the hands of the venerable Vice-President, General LUIS LA PUERTA, a veteran of the war of independence.

Soon afterward Colonel PIEROLA assumed the Dictatorship of Peru, and proceeded to reorganize the army. But disaster still followed the Peruvians. In April, 1880, a formidable Chilian army, under General BAQUEDANO, gained possession of Moquegua, and in May carried the city of Tacna. Arica, which had been supposed to be invincible, was easily carried by a *coup de main* in June. The Chilian squadron meanwhile destroyed Mollendo, and blockaded Callao and all the southern ports.

About two months ago, the long-announced expedition against Lima set sail under command of General BAQUEDANO. Its landing at Pisco and at Curayaco, its occupation of Lurin and Cañete, and its victory at Chorillos have been successfully chronicled within a few weeks. We now hear of the final battle at the picturesque suburb of Miraflores, the flight of PIEROLA, and the unopposed occupation of Lima on the 17th inst.

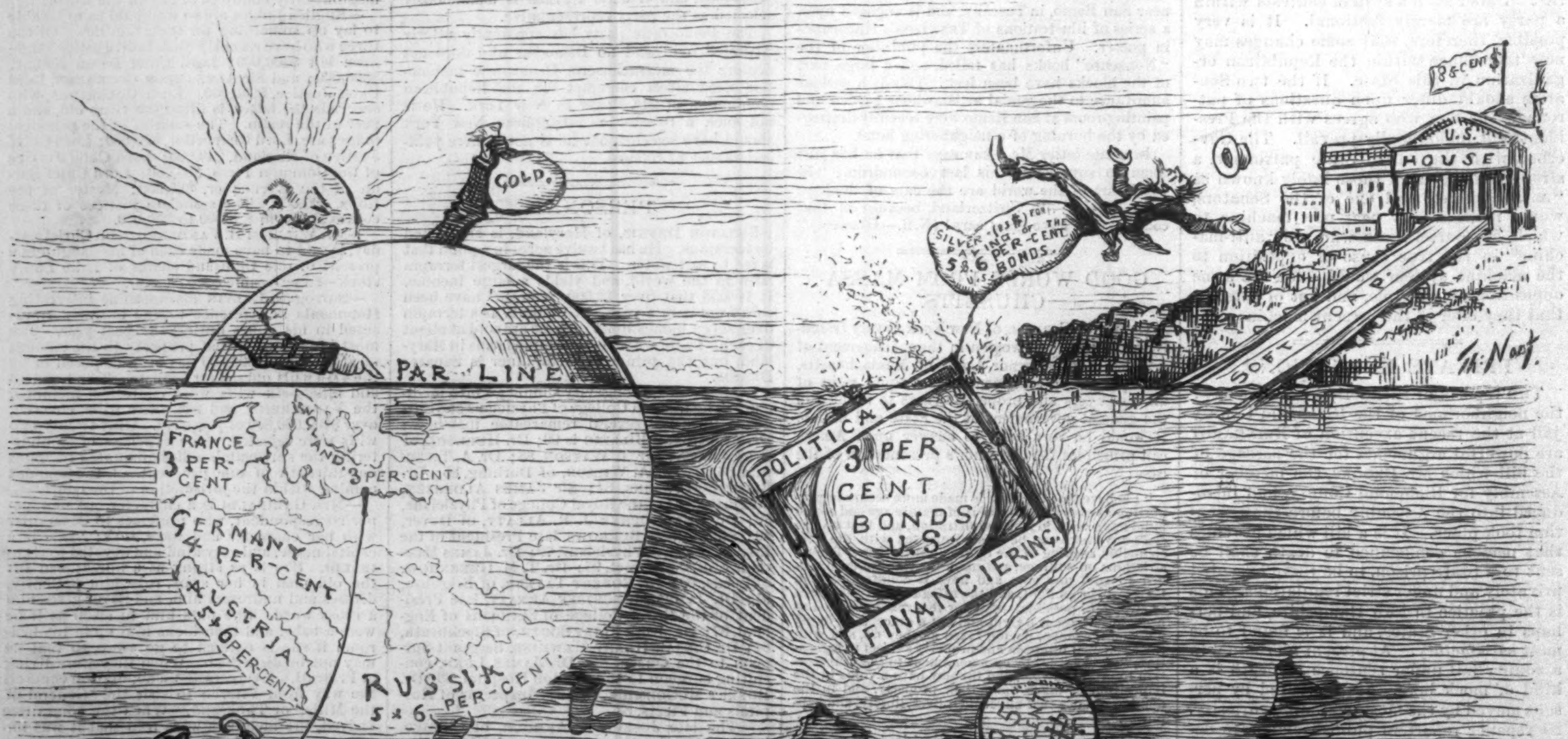
The war, which has thus far resulted so disastrously for the Peruvians, originated in a dispute about some nitrate grounds belonging to Bolivia. In 1875 the Bolivian government had ceded its nitrate grounds of Antofagasto to the Anglo-Peruvian house of GIBBS, by whom part of it was sold to some Chilian houses; and it was only after the transfer of these grounds to the Chilian merchants that the Bolivian government laid a heavy export duty on the nitrate, on the suggestion, as it was supposed, of the Peruvian government. The Chilian government, who not improbably only saw in this a good opportunity for a quarrel, took up the cause of its merchants, and hence the hostilities arose.



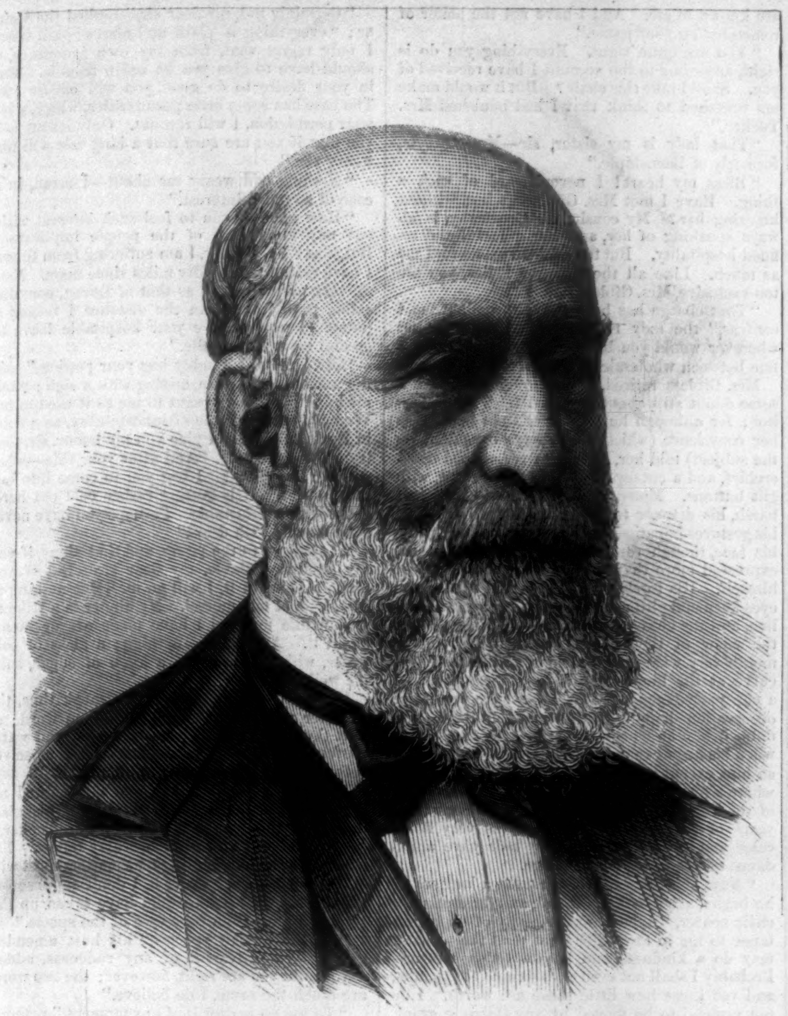
VIEW OF LIMA, PERU, FROM THE STEPS OF THE CATHEDRAL.

The disastrous defeats of the Peruvians by land and sea have been aggravated by what seems very like a treacherous defection of their Bolivian allies. The result is that Chili is now and will remain in possession both of the Peruvian and of the Bolivian nitrate grounds both of Tarapaca and Antofagasto, and that Bolivia may be rewarded for her treason by the acquisition of some, to her, most convenient Peruvian sea-ports—say Arica, Pisagua, or Iquique—a rich compensation for what she may have to give up to Chili. Had she listened to proposals for a compromise, she would have had easier terms.

Lima, in accordance with the old custom which required that great cities should be built at some distance from the sea-port, in order to place them out of the reach of piratical invasion, is situated about two leagues from the bay of Callao, on the banks of the Rimac. The site of the city was chosen by PIZARRO in 1535. In half a century the city is said to have been peopled by 100,000 souls. But what a decline since then! In 1836 the population was only 54,000. The view of Lima, as one approaches it from the distance, is very magnificent, but the entrance to the city does not justify the anticipations aroused by a more remote observation. Owing to the prevalence of earthquakes, the houses are rarely very high, though, as will appear from our illustration, there are marked exceptions to this custom of building houses only one or two stories in height. There are about forty-five earthquakes per year in Lima. About once in half a century these shocks are extremely violent and ruinous. In this way the whole city has several times been reduced to a heap of rubbish. The most destructive of these occurred in 1746. About midnight the earth began its tremblings, and in three minutes the city lay in ruins. Of more than 3000 houses, only twenty-one escaped entire. The towers of the cathedral were overthrown. The bridge across the Rimac was the only public work which escaped.



OUR REFUNDING WILL ASTONISH THE WORLD—WHEN WE LAUNCH OUR NEW BONDS.



THE HON. GEORGE F. EDMUNDS, VERMONT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

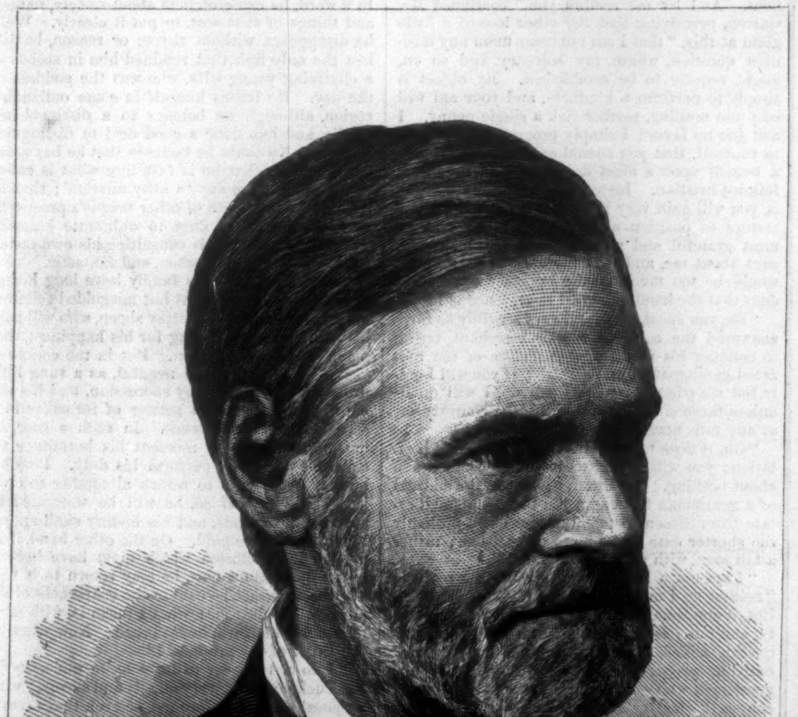
THE HON. JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, CONNECTICUT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHITE.

THE NEW SENATE.

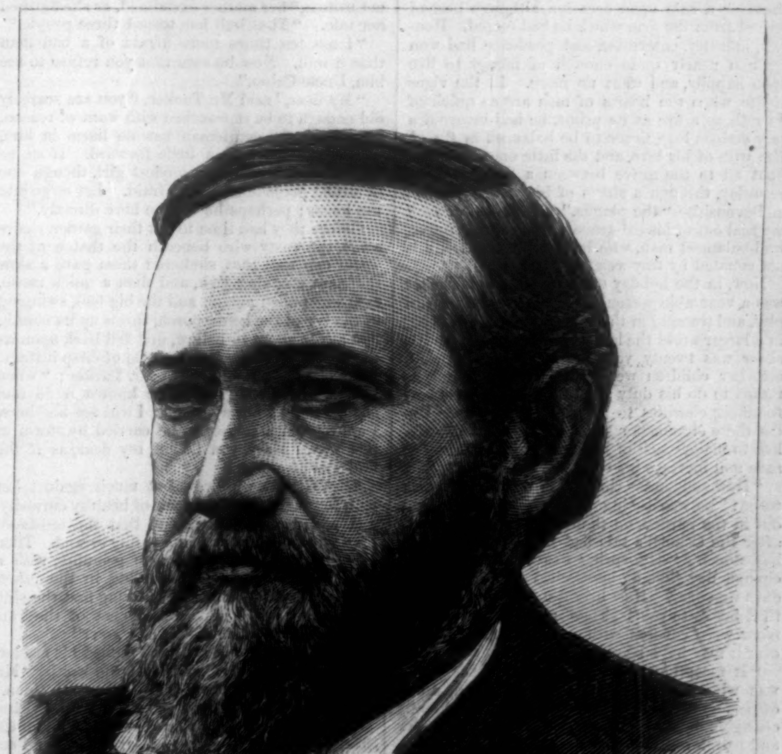
THE terms of twenty-five United States Senators expire with the present Congress, and the election of successors to these important places has made the month a busy one in the Legislatures of the various States. Of the outgoing members, eleven are Republicans and fourteen are Democrats. The elections have reversed the figures, and given the Republicans the majority of the new men. The portraits of thirteen of the successful candidates are given on this page and on page 93. Eight of the thirteen, although conspicuous in public life, have never been in the Senate before. Of the others, four are re-elected, viz., Senators EDMUNDS, DAWES, BAYARD, and COCKRELL. Mr. SHERMAN, it will be remembered, was in the Senate for several years, until appointed a member of President HAYES's cabinet.

All but two of the Senators are lawyers. The exceptions are Mr. PLATT, of New York, and Colonel FAIR, of Nevada. The former has given the most of his time to mercantile pursuits, and is now the President of the United States Express Company and other large corporations; the latter began in 1867 as a mining Superintendent, and afterward became famous as one of the "Bonanza Princes." His California property alone is assessed at $42,000,000. Five of the Senators distinguished themselves in the war—Generals HAWLEY, HARRISON, and MILLER on the Union side, and General COCKRELL and Mr. PUGH on the side of the Confederacy. Only one of the thirteen, Colonel FAIR, is of foreign birth. He was born in the County Tyrone, Ireland, but came to this country with his parents when he was nine years old. The youngest man of all is Mr. HALE, of Maine, who has not yet passed his forty-fifth year. Colonel FAIR and General COCKRELL are forty-six, and General HARRISON and Mr. PLATT are forty-seven. The rest are all over fifty. The oldest is Mr. DAWES, who is sixty-four.

With the history of these men the public are generally familiar, and but little need therefore be said. Secretary SHERMAN had not the advantage of a West Point education, as had his brother, the distinguished General. With nothing but what he could get at the common schools, he



THE HON. JOHN SHERMAN, OHIO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.



THE HON. BENJAMIN HARRISON, INDIANA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.

THE NEW SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

went out, at the age of fourteen, to make his way in the world. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, and in 1854 was sent to Congress. After a long experience in both Houses, he was made Secretary of the Treasury, and is now returned to the Senate. Senator EDMUNDS was for several years a prominent member of the Vermont Legislature, and has been in the United States Senate since 1866. General HAWLEY, of Connecticut, well known as "Honest JOE HAWLEY," besides being a good lawyer, and at present a Congressman, is the editor of the Hartford *Courant*. He was the President of the Centennial Commission. General HARRISON, of Indiana, comes from good old American stock. His great-grandfather was a Governor of Virginia three times, a member of the Continental Congress, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; his grandfather was President. Mr. PLATT, of New York, was Clerk of Tioga County from 1859 to 1861, and a member of Congress for two terms. Mr. DAWES, of Massachusetts, served nine terms in the House and one in the Senate, and Mr. CONGER, of Michigan, has been in the House for twelve years. Mr. BAYARD, of Delaware, went to the Senate in 1869, and Mr. PUGH was one year in the House, and during the rebellion was a member of the Confederate Congress.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RED-FACED MAN.

BEFORE "the ever loyal city," as Exeter loves to call itself, was undermined with iron bars beneath its castle ramparts, Northernhay was a quiet place, aside of the noisy London road, and pleasant for a Sunday walk. Here, in a good old ivied house, snugly encompassed by thick cob walls, was living, and well deserved to live, a gentleman of the ancient name of "Tucker." Also his Christian name was ancient, being "Caleb," and no more.

This gentleman lived with his widowed sister, Mrs. Giblets, late of Barnstaple, whose two boys went to the high grammar school, as often as they could not help it. The deceased Mr. Giblets, a currier of repute, had thrice been Mayor of Barnstaple, and had sacrificed his life to his festive duties, at the time of the Reform Bill. His relict was a lady of like dignity and virtue, convinced (as all Barum people are) of the vast superiority of that town, yet affable to the Mayor of Exeter. Their daughter, Mary Giblets, was a very nice young lady, a thorough girl of Devon, with a round rosy face, a smile for everybody, and almost at everything, a pair of brisk substantial feet, and a special turn for marketing.

Caleb Tucker, the owner of the house, but not the master always, had long been in business as a timber merchant, and still would make a purchase or a sale upon occasion, although he had retired from the firm which he had reared. Honesty, industry, enterprise, and prudence had won for him nearly quite enough of money to live upon happily, and want no more. In the vigor of life, when the hearts of men are as quick of warmth as a fire at its prime, he had incurred a very serious loss, never to be balanced in *£ s. d.* The wife of his love, and the little ones of theirs, went all to the grave between a Sunday and a Saturday, through a storm of black fever, called in Devonshire "the plague." This sorrow took the zeal out of his existence, and left him a grave, well-balanced man, who had learned that life is not counted by troy-weight.

Now, in the holiday of calm age, Caleb Tucker was a venerable person, slow to move except with pity, and tranquil in the steadfast hope of finding in a larger world the losses of the little one. His sister was twenty years younger than himself, and her children were his successors; and he meant to do his duty to his own kin, instead of founding charities to be jobbed by aliens. Under these circumstances it was right of Mrs. Giblets to make much of him, and encourage him to save and increase his cash.

"How sudden the changes of the weather seem to be!" he was saying to his sister, as they sat out in the garden, on the Saturday, the very day after the Colonel's tale had been hurried by the hail-storm. "The spring weather never used to change like this, at least when the turn of the days was over. How bright it was yesterday until it began to rain! Then the hills toward Dartmoor were covered with snow, or hail, or whatever it may have been."

"It must have been either hail or snow, if it was white," Mrs. Giblets replied, being proud of perfect accuracy; "the weather is continually changing, but the only white things in it are snow and hail."

"Certainly, Mollikins, and frost as well. It might have been the white frost on the moors. But whatever it was, it made me think this morning, as I looked at it from my bedroom window, of that poor gentleman I bought the land for. He has made such a beautiful garden up there, and I fear that the frost will destroy all his bloom."

"He must suffer the will of the Lord, I suppose, as everybody else is obliged to do. Sometimes I lose my patience with him, because you never tell me who he is. Why should a gentleman come down here, and buy a little far-off place like that, and work like a common laborer? No one would dare to attempt such a thing in the neighborhood of Barnstaple. It would be the duty of the Mayor to find him out. But in this part of the world conspirators carry on just as they please."

"Sister, you talk a great deal too fast. If you ever know the truth, you will be sorry for your words. Women are so fond of rushing to the worst conclusions."

"Some of them do so; but whose fault is it? You know that I do the very opposite, my dear, whenever I am not denied the knowledge. I wish with all my heart that I had never heard about him, although I liked him very much the only time I saw him. But I always take things as I find them. I have no curiosity whatever about anything."

"Molly, you are very wise," answered Mr. Tucker. "We have all of us enough of trouble with our own affairs. And here comes pretty Mary, for to tell us something pleasant."

"No, indeed, uncle, it is quite the other way," cried Mary, as she hurried up the walk from the side door. "I took the short-cut, and I left all the nuts I was buying for Bob and for Harry, to tell you not to see the man—or the gentleman at least—who is riding up the hill to look for you. Oh, uncle dear, he is such a nasty man, and has the evil-eye, if ever anybody had it! Oh dear! I turned my testament in my pocket; mischief will come of it, as sure as I'm alive."

"If ever there was a little goose in the King's, or rather in the Queen's dominions now, her name is Mary Giblets." Though he spoke thus bravely, Mr. Tucker did not like it; and his sister said, "Mary, fie for shame. Look at your gathers, miss."

"I had no time to think about anything at all," she answered, with her color ripened from the peach bloom into peach. "He was asking at Besley's, and Snell's, and Sharland's, where Mr. Caleb Tucker lived, and he called you the land agent. Mr. Snell told him you had never been that, but a strictly retired gentleman; and then the man laughed—such a nasty laugh, mamma; and young Tom Besley, who is always such a stupid, looked up from the copper mill where he was grinding pepper, and he says, 'That young lady will show you, sir; that's his own niece, Miss Giblets.' I felt as if I could have boxed his ears. And the red-faced man rode up to me with his hat off, and said, 'Miss Giblets, will you be my charming guide?' And I couldn't think of anything to say, he looked so impudent. But I made him a courtesy, and began walking up the hill, and then I thought to myself that I would pay him out. So I turned down Black Horse Alley toward the cut across Parson's meadow (which is the nearest way, you know), and left him to follow or not as he pleased. Well, it pleased him to come, and to want to talk to me, just as if I were nothing but a shop-girl. I looked at him over my shoulder now and then, and said yes and no, for a quarter of a mile, and likely he considered me as stupid as Tom Besley. Then suddenly we came upon the high turnstile of Parson's meadow, where the bull is, and I slipped through like anything. 'Halloa! do you expect me to ride over this?' he said. And I said: 'Oh dear! oh dear! how very stupid of me! But you only asked me for the shortest way, sir. I dare not stop to give you any more directions, because of the bull in the bottom of the ham.' And away I ran, and here I am."

"My darling, what a risk to run! I have told you not to do it," her mother exclaimed, as she finished her tale. "That bull has tossed three people."

"I am ten times more afraid of a bad man than a bull. Now be sure that you refuse to see him, Uncle Caleb."

"My dear," said Mr. Tucker, "you are scarcely old enough to be reproached with want of reason. I dare say the gentleman has no harm in him, although he may be a little forward. If so, he had his match in a very modest girl, though one of strong prejudices, I am afraid. Let us go into the house; perhaps he will be here directly."

Before they had time to put their garden chairs away, the rusty wire beneath the thatch of the warm cob wall that sheltered them gave a slow reluctant creaking jerk, and then a quick rattle, as it was pulled again; and the big bell, swinging in the ivy of the house porch, threw up its mouth, like a cow about to bellow, and fell back upon its wagging tongue through a rustle of crisp leafage. "Let him ring again," said Mr. Tucker; "when a man is in a hurry, I have known it do him good. Don't go away, sister; I will see him here. I am too old a soldier to be carried by storm in this way. Mary, you be off, my dear, as if the bull was after you."

Miss Giblets withdrew, but much against her will, for she had a fine stock of healthy curiosity, and had made up her mind that the red-faced man was come upon an interesting errand. Then Bill, the boy-of-all-work, came grinning, with a card in one hand and a shilling in the other. "A' gied me this," he said, showing first the shilling, as the more important object of the two. "Be I to kape 'un, or gi'e 'un to you?"

"Gi'e 'un to your mother," replied his master, as he took the card, and read the words, "Mr. George Gaston," with no address beneath them.

"Ha, sir, and how are you to-day?" the visitor shouted, with a hearty voice. "I have taken the liberty of following my pasteboard. I hope I see the lady quite well also. Madam, your servant! I am quite old-fashioned. I glory in the society of the ladies; but my manners are comparatively out of date, I fear."

The widow of the Mayor possessed a shrewd tongue, as well as a stately reserve, sometimes; and the former was burning to say that the sooner such manners were positively out of date the better. Like her daughter, the lady conceived an extraordinary hatred of this man at sight; but she only showed it by a careful bow, and a gaze of reasonable surprise.

"Excuse me, sir—Mr. Gaston, I suppose," said Caleb Tucker, rising slowly, and lifting his hat from his silvery curls; "but I doubt not that if you are come upon business, you have brought me a letter of introduction. I do very little in the way of business now, and only with people who are known to me. And I have not the honor of remembering your name."

"You are quite right. Everything you do is right, according to the account I have received of you. Shall I take this chair? But it would make me wretched to think that I had banished Mrs. Tucker."

"That lady is my sister, sir—Mrs. Giblets, formerly of Barnstaple."

"Bless my heart! I never heard of such a thing. Have I met Mrs. Giblets at last, without knowing her? My cousin, Sir Courtenay, is always speaking of her, and her graceful and refined hospitality. But too exclusive—he told me as much. Like all the superior ladies, you are too exclusive, Mrs. Giblets."

"That charge has been brought against me, I confess," the lady replied, with dignity; "but wherever would you be, sir, without you drew a line between wholesale and retail?"

Mrs. Giblets retired, with a gracious bow, but some doubt still about the good faith of the visitor; for although he was older than herself, as her conscience (which she always consulted on the subject) told her, he wore a red-striped neckerchief, and a cut-away coat of bright green, with gilt buttons. Moreover, his voice was loud and harsh, his manner too bold, his figure burly, and his gestures impatient and almost imperious, while his face, though resolute and rather handsome, expressed more than impressed good opinion of himself. His forehead was high and square, the eyes keen and glittering, the nose strong and aquiline, and the chin very firm and prominent. But the color of the cheeks was fiercely red, the mouth very wide and voracious, and instead of a curve at the hinges of the jaws, there occurred a conspicuous angle. Boys, who have powers of observation happily extinguished in later life, dubbed him at school "George Coffin-face"; but when his brow expanded, the name no longer suited him, except as regards the part below the ears, where a few white whiskers showed the harshness of the angle, now become more prominent from years of zealous exercise, while his very florid color and thick crop of tawny hair gave abundance of life to his countenance.

"Now, Mr. Tucker, I have ridden a long way," he began, after looking round, and bringing his chair nearer, "upon a matter really of no importance to me in any other light than this—that I may do a kindness, and help a fellow-creature. Probably I shall not even earn so much as thanks, and you know how little those are worth. I do not pretend to be moved by any Quixotic ardor, or Christian duty, or broad philanthropy, or any romantic motive. But a sense of gratitude for a good turn done me five-and-twenty years ago, together with some natural desire to baffle selfish roguery—although it is no concern of mine, you see—has led me to sacrifice some valuable time, and trespass perhaps on yours, sir."

"Not at all. Don't speak of it. I am glad to be of service," Mr. Tucker replied, in his regular way. "But did I understand that you had brought a letter to me?"

"Not a syllable of any kind. I make a point of never insulting anybody. And to suppose that a man of your experience could fail to know a gentleman at first sight would be most impertinent. And let me remind you," continued Mr. Gaston, perceiving that the other looked a little glum at this, "that I am not come upon any business question, where my solvency, and so on, might require to be established. My object is simply to perform a kindness, and your aid will cost you nothing, neither risk a single penny. I ask you no favor; I simply propose it as a duty to yourself, that you should enable me to confer a benefit upon a most deserving and ill-treated fellow-Christian. Instead of losing anything by it, you will gain very largely. For you will thus restore to position and some wealth a man of most grateful and generous nature. I have no cant about me, and it is my abhorrence; but it would be too much of the opposite extreme to deny that the hand of a good Providence is here."

"Sir, you speak well, and very sensibly so far," answered the cautious timber merchant, trying to conquer his unreasonable dislike of the red-faced gentleman at first sight. "If you will kindly tell me what it is that I can do, I will do it, unless there should be reason to the contrary, or, at any rate, necessity for consideration."

"Oh, it does not require half a moment's hesitation; you will say that I have made much ado about nothing. All I want to know is the address of a gentleman for whom you bought a small estate from fifteen to twenty years ago—probably the shorter date is the more correct one; rather a tall man, with a military manner."

"I am not a land agent," Mr. Tucker replied; "neither do I meddle with the lawyer's business. But at one time, from my knowledge of the county, and purchase of timber, and so on, I was frequently asked to obtain a purchaser for small outlying properties, perhaps belonging to the gentlemen who were selling me their timber. Of course the matter afterward passed through the proper hands, and I never thought of making any charge for what I did. Still there were so many cases that, without particulars, I can not pretend to say anything."

"Still you must have known, in almost every case, who the purchaser was, what made him buy, where he lived, what he did with himself, etc. Officers seldom turn farmers, I believe, and seldom have managed from their miserable pay to save money to buy land with."

"I am ready to oblige you, Mr. Gaston, if I can, without any breach of confidence. Your inquiry is unusual, as you must know; and unless you can manage to be more precise, I see no possibility of helping you. If you can supply me with the name and date, I may have some recollection of the matter you refer to. Also, it is only fair to ask how you have heard of me, and my share in the business. You can scarcely consider that question rude."

"Certainly not, my dear sir," replied the visitor; "everything is plain and above-board here. I only regret that, from my own ignorance, I should have to give you so much trouble. But in your desire to do good, you will excuse me. The case has some little peculiarities, which, with your permission, I will recount. Only let me ask you first if you are sure that a long tale will not weary you."

"Nothing will weary me about—I mean, in a case of so much interest."

"How good of you to feel such interest without any knowledge of the people implicated! But, alas! Mr. Tucker, I am suffering from thirst. I have ridden nearly fifty miles since noon. Now all very pure air, such as that of Devon, contains saline particles, and in the distance I behold a pump. I would crave your hospitable leave to go and move the handle."

"Mr. Gaston, I humbly beg your pardon," said the ancient gentleman, arising with a sigh; "but my mind is not as present to me as it used to be. We have not the name of inhospitality, as a rule, in Devonshire; but I give you my honor, sir, that it quite escaped me. And after your ride—what will my sister say? I beg you to come into our little parlor. It is getting rather cold out here, and not so comfortable. Perhaps you have never even dined? Oh dear!"

"I shall go to the pump, and that alone, if you say another syllable, my dear sir. But if you make a point of it, I will go in. But nothing to eat, sir—not one morsel. My dinner is a trifle to a man like me, and I have made arrangements about it. Anything—anything; a glass of cold water, with a quarter of a knob of sugar, suits me well."

However, like most men who speak thus, the traveller was better in his deed than word; so that three large tumblers of hot rum and water confessed him more capacious than themselves before he had much to say to them.

"It is a curious story. You misdoubted me out there," he began, with a wave of his glass drumstick toward the garden. "But, Tucker, I have found you now to be a hearty fellow. The heart, after all, is the thing that matters most with all human beings. Hang it, I don't suppose one man in fifty thousand would have taken up this thing, like me, from pure love of the specie."

"Of the human species," his host amended, gently. Then, fearful of any rudeness, added, "No doubt you are right, however; the two words are much the same, I do believe."

"To me no matter is of any moment," resumed the red-faced man, with his roses deepening into mulberries, "in comparison with the glow of heart produced by a noble action. And when we can benefit ourselves as well, what a poor heart it must be that hesitates! Look at the case which I have in hand. An amiable but eccentric man, a pattern of every virtue, except the rare one of common-sense, takes a turn against all his family. He fancies that they are all set against him; that their views are sordid, and his alone are large; that as he can not alter them, his best plan is to have nothing to do with them, and keep out of their sight. Also he believes that a man's truest work is to earn his own living with his own hands, and wash them clean of all the vices of the world. In a word, he has crotchets about society, nature, and things of that sort, to put it clearly. Well, he disappears, without rhyme or reason, having lost the only link that retained him in society—a charming young wife, who was the goddess of the day. He buries himself in some outlandish region, although he belongs to a distinguished family, and has done a good deal to distinguish himself. No doubt he believes that he has acted for the best; that he is fulfilling what is called in the cant of the day 'a lofty mission'; that he stood across the light of other people's prospects, and was bound in duty to obliterate himself: whereas in reality he is consulting his own tastes, which are out of all reason, and fantastic.

"Let us say that his family have long looked upon him as an excellent but misguided fellow—not a black sheep, but a stray sheep, who will have his own way; and hoping for his happiness, they make no fuss about him. But in the course of years he becomes more needful, as a snug little property falls to him by succession, and his signature is needed as a matter of formality in a settlement of importance. In such a case, he must abandon for a moment his hermitage, receive his dues, and perform his duty. Possibly he may be induced to return altogether to civilized existence. If so, he will be welcomed by enthusiastic friends, and his history shall appear in letters of pure gold. On the other hand, if he prefers the seclusion which must have become his second nature now, he may return to it with his wheels greased—excuse the coarseness of the allusion, my dear sir; what I mean is, with more butter for his farm-house bread. Now what do you think of my proposal?"

"I do not appear to have quite understood," Mr. Tucker replied, very quietly and slowly, "what proposal there is before me, or even that there is any at all. If not a rude question in my own house, I would venture to ask, sir, without offense, whether you are a solicitor?"

"Come, now, my friend, you are a little too hard on me. When I have tried to make it clear to you that I desire to do good!"

"I am sure I beg your pardon, sir. But so they may sometimes; I do assure you I have known it. But since you are not in the law, I may speak freely. And to save you further trouble, I will own right out that I am pretty sure by this time of the gentleman you mean. I know of no great mystery in the matter; and such things are not at all in my line. He wished to be quiet and undisturbed, as a man might well do in a sad affliction, and as every man has a right to do, if he chooses. I felt the same feeling myself, Mr. Gaston, in the days when the Lord afflicted me."

The voice of the old man trembled slightly, for

his affliction was life-long; and this had helped to draw him toward the man in like trouble, who had made up his mind to retire from the world.

"You too have lamented?" said the red-faced man. "It is the lot of us all, my dear sir. But the duty of the strong man is to up, cast off, and gird himself."

"I will not deny it. But it takes a time to do it, as well as a clear view of the world. And for looking at the world there are quite as many hills as there are men to stand on them. But I am keeping you long from your dinner, Mr. Gaston, which I believe you have ordered. You do not expect me to tell you, I suppose, all I know about the gentleman you ask of?"

"If there is anything that I avoid, Tucker," the visitor replied, as he compounded for himself a fourth installment of rum punch, "it is the barest semblance of a liberty. Your excellent health, my dear friend! I have never encountered a more harmonious soul. No, no; I only ask you for the gentleman's address, to do him a genuine and great kindness."

"It will give me real pleasure," said the host, who was standing, and bowing at the generous carousal in his honor, "to place you in communication with him, upon the receipt of his permission. That is a thing for him to give, and not for me to take as granted. Shall I write and inform him of your application? Or will you write yourself, Mr. Gaston, and leave it with me to be forwarded? You do not know the name, I think you say—the present name of the gentleman. But if you will use the name you know him by, I will answer for safe delivery. We may save the post if you begin at once. Here is all you want, including sealing-wax; and I will leave the room while you write, if you think proper."

"Well!" cried the visitor, jumping up with a force that shook the room, and made the glasses rattle, while his face turned white, and its glow flew to his eyes, "is that all you mean to tell me?"

"I can tell you nothing more," the old man answered, looking at him firmly, but with great surprise—"nothing more, until I get permission. Surely you would not—"

"I forgot one little thing," the other interrupted, as he thrust his hand so violently into a breast pocket that the host nearly made up his mind to see a pistol—"I forgot that nothing is to be had for nothing. My mind is so set upon discovering that man, that if fifty pounds—well, then, a hundred pounds—"

"Not a thousand, sir—no, nor fifty thousand," Caleb Tucker broke in, sternly. "You must be a bad man, whatever you may say about your heart, to insult me so. It is lucky for you that I am not a young man. Leave my house. I am not accustomed to entertain such visitors."

"Overrighteous Caleb!" said the red-faced man, recovering his color and his temper, or enough of it to supply cool insolence, "we have no faith in all this noble indignation. You know, my remarkably stingy host, upon which side your bread is buttered. And you think to make a good thing of what you have got out of me. Ta, ta, Master Dry-rot. Your very cheap rum has spoiled my appetite for dinner. I shall go to your cathedral and pray to be delivered from the company of ancient hypocrites."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

The last persons that a sane American would affect to patronize to-day are the American painters in water-colors. These successful artists are conscious of a hold upon the affection of the public, and are confident in the matter of organizing an annual exhibition. They would not take thirty thousand dollars for the pictures that they expect to sell this season in the National Academy. In both the manner and the measure of their procedure they reflect the assurance of a rational faith. They are the only class of artists in this country, except the incomparable wood-engravers, who feel that this country equitably appraises them. No pallid busts of Discouragement sit above their chamber doors. The tireless importation of foreign paintings has no terrors for them. To meet an American water-colorist, after meeting one of his less-favored brothers, is like banqueting at a Fifth Avenue restaurant after munching the hard-tack of an arctic expedition.

Thirty years ago, when the first water-color exhibition in the city of New York was held on a screen in one of the rooms of the World's Fair, the aspect of affairs was different. Though the twenty-eight specimens gathered by that fair mother of a fairer daughter, the "Society for the Promotion of Painting in Water-Colors," were creditable to the native and foreign artists whom they represented—very creditable, indeed, for individuality of expression, frankness and sincerity of motive, and, in some cases, beauty of technique, to the native artists—nobody cared to buy them, and almost everybody, especially the newspaper writers on art, called—and presumably considered—them trivial and perishable "washes." It was not understood then that drawings in water-color, when properly cared for, are as lasting as oil-paintings; nor was that spontaneous and disinterested love of nature, which is the fine product of a maturing civilization, and which sometimes seems to have a special elective affinity for the freshness, the brightness, the cheerfulness, of out-door studies, very generally present to second the efforts of the transatlantic successors of Girtin and David Cox. The New York water-color painters got little money, thanks, or sympathy, and in three or four years they ceased to exist as a corporate body. Nor were the beginnings of the present American Water-color Society, whose brilliant fourteenth annual exhibition is now holding in New York city, very much less inauspicious. It is only within the last five or six years that its results have been worthy of commemoration.

Twelve hundred and seventy pictures were offered to the society for the annual exhibition, which was opened on Friday evening, the 21st of January. Their average quality was better than usual, yet one-third of them were rejected for lack of room, not less than for other and obvious reasons. To visit the place where these discarded offerings are temporarily stored, previous to a return to their authors, and where they stand mournfully with their backs to the spectator, is to repress a sigh for the unsuccessful competitors, many of whom, doubtless, deserved a better fate. Ascending the principal stairway of the exhibition, one is surrounded with the evidences of Mr. Samuel Colman's and Mr. J. C. Nicoll's capacity to perform the duties of a Committee on Decoration. The splendid Oriental stuffs above the entrance to the North Room, the magnificent Japanese bronzes on the landing, and the frequent balustrades of flowering plants, invite one away from criticism. That often unhappy lumber-room, the corridor, has received for the first time a frieze decoration, and its walls, like the walls of the other galleries, have been hung with burlap, which serves to hide their crude red paint, and to absorb and reflect a fresh supply of light. It is astonishing how a background of burlap has freshened and brightened the once unpopular Northwest Room. The Hanging Committee (Messrs. Thomas Moran, Kruseman van Elten, and Granville Perkins) have put art into their work, as is the wont of a good hanging committee, and, especially in the centres of the North Room and the East Room, have played with pictures as a painter plays with pigments, in the interests of gradations and harmony of tones. For instance, around a Venetian scene by Colman are a landscape by F. C. Jones, a flower-piece by Miss Abbott, a sunset marine by F. A. Silva, and a snow scene by Van Elten; and around a Bellows in the East Room are skillfully chosen works of Hovenden, De Haas, Colman, Hamilton, Bricher, F. S. Church, and Julian Scott, the arrangement in each case resulting in a true triumph of pictorial hanging.

In one instance the committee have told an interesting story by contrasting the methods of Mr. Currier and of Mr. Chase with those of M. Simoni, who finishes much more carefully than either of the others, though he shows also some very broad treatment; Mr. Chase's piece is a portrait head; above it is a partly nude figure by M. Simoni, and this is surmounted by one of Mr. Currier's studies of beech-trees. The general effect of the exhibition is more luminous and inspiriting than any of its predecessors, and the pictures have been so distributed that they do not "swear at one another," as the artists say, and, what is still more noteworthy, do not kill one another. While the members of the society have received the full traditional recognition at the hands of the hangers, the claims of the other contributors appear to have been adjusted on principles of justice. The illustrated catalogue is a beautiful pamphlet, with about eighty photo-engravings printed on fine plate paper, instead of on the roughened paper used last year with some detriment to the designs. Nearly two-thirds of these designs are autographic. Perhaps the National Academy, one of these days, will give to the world a catalogue which, like the water-color catalogue, would adorn the table of a metropolitan drawing-room. The most promising feature of this fourteenth annual exhibition is the increased predominance of pure transparent water-color. Body-color at last seems to have had its day in the councils of the aquarellists.

LIFE IN TANGIERS.

The first appearance of Tangiers is certainly not a cheerful one to the late sojourner at Gibraltar. The visitor can not amuse himself, or rather herself, by gazing at windows and appraising wares. The shops are mean to a degree. Those in the only square, around which are the various legations, are wretched. Here is the well-defined shore upon which the sea of barbarism breaks—a line of civilization merely. The rest is all barbaric—a dead sea of unknown extent.

But if the aspect of the city be dull during the day, what shall we say of it at night? Fully illuminated by a refulgent moon, which lights up the white walls with almost dazzling splendor, Tangiers is a city of the dead. The cloaked spectres have disappeared into the whited sepulchres—the houses. A bundle of rags will stir at your feet: it is an Arab. You tread upon the skeleton of a cat, and recoil. Your footsteps echo in the deserted lanes, and probably the beating of your own heart will be all the sound you will hear. All is mute and lifeless around you.

Apropos of the "bundle of rags," nothing will surprise the visitor to Morocco more than the extraordinary manner in which the native will curl himself up in a corner, or lie down against a wall. In a spot where we should fancy a boy or a bundle would find insufficient and uncomfortable space, an Arab will sit or crouch in perfect happiness. "He spreads himself on a wall like a bass-relief, and flattens himself upon the ground like a sheet spread out to dry." And in all these attitudes he appears alternately headless, legless, or trunkless, a ball, a cube, or a nondescript. His adaptability is wonderful.

The dress of the people is very picturesque. That of the men is ordinarily a white mantle, but on gala days is more elaborate. The women cover their faces with the end of their long mantles, under which they wear a wide-sleeved garment bound round the waist with a cord. Nothing but the eyes, fingers, and bare feet thrust into slippers is visible. They are a sad, weary race, prized till twenty, then they get old and withered, and are treated like beasts of burden till they die.

In the whole town there is not a cart nor a carriage. No itinerants go round with wares, no street occupation absorbs the pedestrians, no movement to speak of, no bells, no cries, no invitations to purchase. Repose has settled upon all; even the active-minded visitor will succumb at last, and sit for hours doing nothing, not knowing what to do. And in this somnolent city you can wander about at will, and will lose yourself, no doubt, in the hopeless maze of little houses and lanes and alleys. Every lane is like every other lane, all the alleys and tiny squares are fac-similes of other alleys and squares, and one might very easily disappear never to return. In this labyrinth you may, as a Christian, wander unharmed and almost unnoticed. No pickpocket of civilization will molest you, and foreign ladies might carry their purses in their outside pockets without fear of loss.

Outside the town, one may find many curious features. For instance, all around the city walls is a "girdle of gardens," rich in a sort of vegetation, but too neglected. Aloes, Indian figs, oaks, oleanders, and numerous shrubs grow thickly, and intertwine their branches with the ivy, vine, and cane. Rank and luxuriant grass, quantities of flowers, in places growing two feet high, a small white house, a wheel, a well by means of which irrigation is carried on at times through trenches, but not a living being is to be seen. All is rank and luxuriant in vegetation, but all is dead and lonely so far as the people are concerned. Here the cultivation ends. Beyond this zone of verdure there are no trees, nor hedges, nor boundaries to be seen. Rolling hills, undulating plains, and verdant valleys stretch away, but scarce any tilling of the ground is attempted. Ploughing is carried on in the most primitive manner: a small so-called plough, guided by *one hand*, while the other wields the whip, carries us at once back hundreds of years, when our Lord's rebuke—"No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God"—must have been literally applicable to the implement mentioned. The mode of using this plough is curious. Any animal is pressed into the service: a goat, or a mule, or both together; even a donkey and a woman are sometimes yoked, and pull together very well in Morocco. Agriculture is of an extremely primitive order, for were the land in any degree cultivated—as we understand the process—the ground would yield a hundred-fold increase to the possessor.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It was in the smoking-room of an Atlantic steamer that a worthy Teuton was recently talking about weather forecasts.

"Look here," said he, "I dell you vat it is. You petter don't dake no shtock in dem weather bredictions. Dose beoble don't know noding. Dey can't dell no petter as I can."

"But, my dear sir," said a person present, "they foretold the storm which we have just encountered."

"Vell, dat ish zo," said the Teuton, contemplatively; "but I dell you vat it is. Dat shtorm vould have come yust de same if it had not peen bredicted."

A charming thought was thrown out by the speaker at a recent jovial dinner. It was that there were compensations in all things, even to Daniel in the lions' den. "For," said he, "if the programme had been carried out, Daniel would not have been called upon to make any more after-dinner speeches."

It is *de rigueur* on board of United States men-of-war that the commanding officer shall be notified officially of the stated performance of certain functions. It was on one of our handsomest ships, not many years ago, that a new boy was sent to the commodore's cabin to report, "Eight bells, and the chronometer's wound." What he said, touching his cap, was, "Eight bells, sir, and the commodore's wound."

The venerable officer took a pinch of snuff, and calmly replied, "Oh no, boy; poor old commodore's 'most run down."

British diplomatists fare far better in the way of emoluments and perquisites than the patriotic citizens who represent us in foreign parts, but efforts are made at intervals in Parliament to cut them down. On one occasion, a member who had been particularly aggressive in this direction made a trip to the Continent in the recess, and arrived at a capital where dwelt an ambassador noted for the elegance of his entertainments. Of course the member wanted an invitation to dinner, and succeeded in securing it. He found himself the only guest, and was received by the host with the greatest courtesy and formality, and conducted to the table. To his dismay, a *potage maigre* was succeeded only by a shin-bone of beef, and boiled potatoes with the skins on.

"I beg your pardon, my dear sir," said the diplomatist, "for offering you such a poor and unworthy repast; but that infernal cheese-paring Parliament has been trying to cut down my allowances, and I find myself compelled to retrench."

This recalls an admirable *mot* anent a British official who had been granted exceptionally rapid promotion.

"What are his antecedents?" asked some one.

"Antecedents!" was the quick reply. "You had better ask who are his relatives."

Two bad young men, one of whom was a good ventriloquist, recently entered a "bob-tail" horse-car in Chicago, bringing with them a dummy stuffed with straw, which they placed in a corner next the door. They paid their fares, and the driver waited some minutes for the dummy, and then called out "Fare!"

"Oh, hire a hall!" answered (apparently) the straw man.

"Look here, young man, just you pay that fare," again said the driver.

"Oh, pull down your vest!" was the reply.

The driver wound his reins around the brake, opened the door, and came in, just as the two bad young men left the car. The driver had braced all his muscles for a tremendous effort, and when he seized the supposed offender, he and the dummy rolled in the mud, while a mocking laugh rang from the bad young men fleeing around the corner.

Those who heard Major Constable's interesting lecture on "Afghanistan" before the Geographical Society, two winters ago, will remember his striking account of that traditional Oriental potentate Runjeet Singh, and that he added: "His grandson, the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, receives £50,000 a year from the British government, lives in England, and rides to hounds in the conventional scarlet coat—a thing at which the one eye of his stern old grandfather would have fiercely blazed and rolled." Now an English paper makes the announcement that the Maharajah has done a thing even more unpotentate-like. He has taken out a license to sell game, and advertises 3000 pheasants and 1000 hares on his estate.

Our British brethren are not quite reconciled to horse-cars, which they persist in calling "trams"; but they make a good suggestion, to the effect that "some guard, similar to the cow-catcher of an engine," should be affixed to the vehicles to save the lives of people who are knocked down by them.

A man was apprehended not long ago, and brought into court, on the charge of selling liquors without a license. Circumstances were heavily against him, and when the prosecuting attorney took his seat, his chances seemed good for free board at Sing Sing. He had a very rubicund countenance, and his nose was as conspicuous in rosy color as in size. His counsel rose, and solemnly said, "Moike Maloney, stand up and be looking at the jury. Gintlemen of the jury, will yez be afther looking at the prisoner? Now, gintlemen, I ask ye, upon your oaths, if when ye contemplate the face of Misther Maloney, and the foine rid nose that's on him, would yez belave, for one momint, that when he's had the craythur in the house, it's the loikes of him that's been afther letting anny of it go out?" Verdict: acquittal.

Speaking of verdicts, one is reminded of the sybaritic banquets given by the Sheriff's Jury in this city. They differ materially from the repasts which poor old George Christy used to describe. What middle-aged New-Yorker does not remember George as he sat, bones in hand, at "the end," and conversed with the interlocutor?

"Mr. Johnson," he would say, "did you know dat dis nigger'd been on a jury?"

"Ah, indeed, George!" that elegant gentleman would reply; "is that the case? What especial class of jury was it?"

"Oh, firs'-rate jury, Mr. Johnson."

"Did the jury bring in any verdict, George?"

"Oh yes, firs'-rate verdic'. Five or six of 'em brought it in."

"What was it?"

"Tub of crackers and cheese, and a cold ham."

In these days it seems to be Delmonico viands and "Pommery Sec."

WHAT SHOULD CHILDREN EAT AND DRINK?

Dinner for children should always be early; and about this let me remark that if beef or mutton be given, both of which, whether boiled or roasted, are highly nutritious, it should be cut up very finely, or even minced, and the child should be taught to eat very slowly, and to masticate the food well. Children's food, like that of grown-up people, ought to be varied; change is always agreeable, and conducive to good digestion. I like to see children sit down to a good dinner, and I delight to see them enjoy it, but hurrying over meals—and they are greatly prone to this—should always be discouraged, while, on the other hand, nothing indigestible should be placed before them. Game of various kinds, as well as fowl, pigeon, and rabbit, make a very nice change, and so does white fish, with the exception of herrings and mackerel, or any other strong-tasted and oily fish. Although a little salt should always be sprinkled over a child's food, he should not be permitted to eat salted provisions of any kind, nor any such indigestible food as pork, goose, or even duck, and turkey should be given but sparingly. The stuffing generally used with these latter is very likely to produce a fit of indigestion if given to a child. There are vegetables that a child may eat, and others that he ought not to partake of; potatoes, for example, turnips, and roots generally, are very wholesome, but cabbage and greens are provocative of internal disturbance. Even potatoes, turnips, and parsnips, however, should be mashed. And here let me give a word of warning: they ought not to be mashed on the plate with the back of a fork; they will be lumpy if they are. The mashing ought to be complete and thorough. Puddings of sage, rice, or semolina, or even corn flour, should always form part of the child's dinner, and suet dumpling, if eaten with syrup, makes a very nice change.

What should a child drink? Milk or water, or milk and water, with meals, or a very little tea or coffee well diluted with milk. Cocoa is most nourishing; I can not, indeed, speak too highly in its praise. As to beer or wines, I should say never under any circumstances allow a child to partake of them, except under the orders or sanction of a medical man. The supper should be early, say six o'clock, and may be light pudding of any kind, porridge and milk, or bread and butter with milk-diluted tea. Children live fast, and be it remembered that they require more food in comparison to their size than grown-up people do, for they have not only to repair the waste of tissue, but to build and feed bone and nerve and muscle. Even between meals, therefore, if occasion demands it, do not deny them a crust of bread.

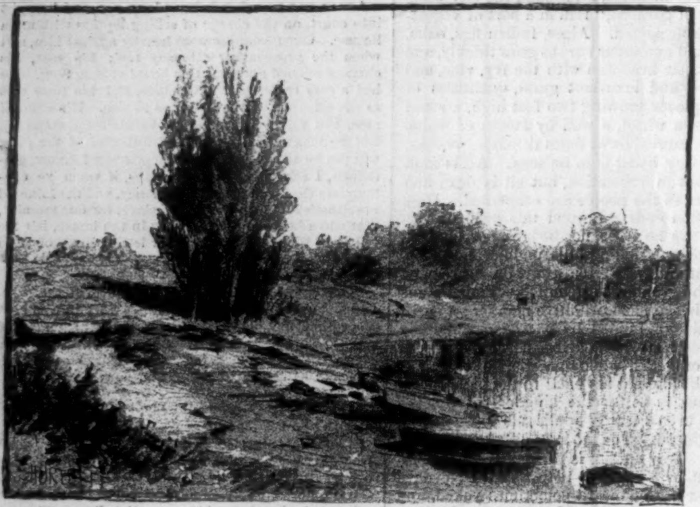
There is little need of physic where children are well cared for, well clothed, and well fed. If a laxative be needed, either a teaspoonful of magnesia may be mixed in the pap, or a little fluid magnesia administered, but remember that magnesia too often given is apt to form concretions of a dangerous kind. Castor-oil warmed, so as to make it run easy, is sometimes good, the only objection to its administration being that force is required, and I know by experience that a child will sometimes struggle so against swallowing medicine as to cause itself mischief. Syrup of rhubarb is another harmless aperient, and one which will not weaken the child; but, after all, the less medicine you give, the better, unless the child be actually fevered, and then it is time to send for the doctor.

TWILIGHT.—F. S. CHURCH.

INTERIOR.—M. L. STONE.

CHATOU.—HEILBUTH.

"THE TWILIGHT IS SAD

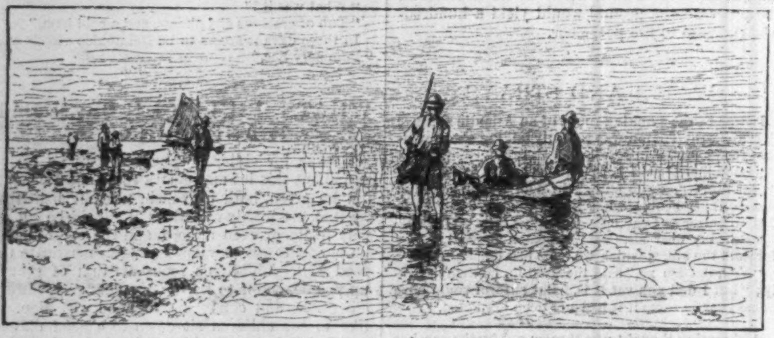


BASIN HARBOR, LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—R. M. SHURTLEFF.

AU REVOIR.—S. R. MCKNIGHT.

A QUIET CUP OF TEA.—ALFRED KAPPES.

THE CUP THAT C



A SUMMER HOLIDAY.—ARTHUR QUARTLEY.

GOOD ADVICE.—C. S. REINHART.

VENICE.—

DESIGN FOR A FAN.—BRISSOT. A LUSCIOUS TRIO.—T. TUZO. WINDING THE CLOCK.—WINSLOW HOMER. LIMOGES VASE.—A. CROSS. EMBROIDERY.—F. D. MILLET. UNDER THE GREEN APPLE BOUGHS.—THEODORE ROBINSON.

SKETCH IN NORTHERN ARIZONA.—THOMAS MORAN.

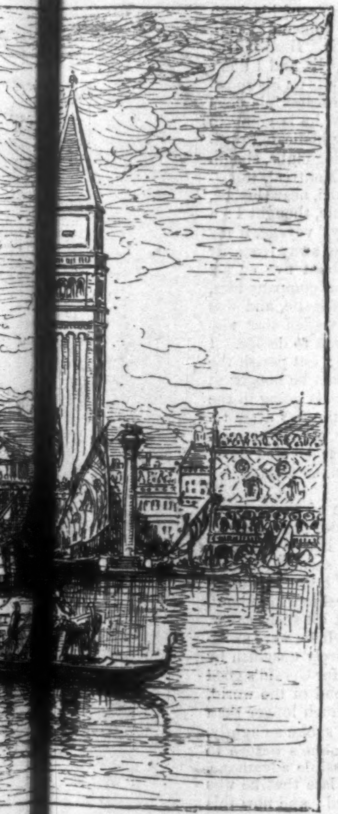
OLD MILL.—J. M. FALCONER.

LANDSCAPE.—J. F

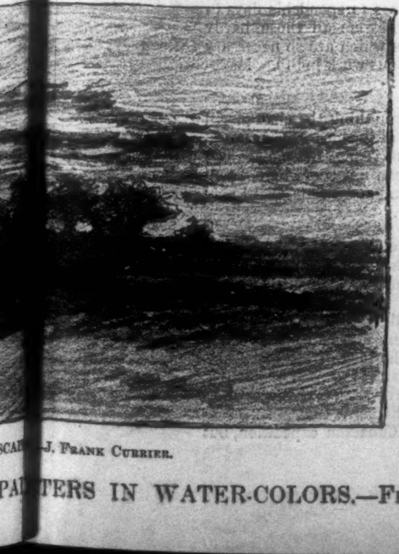
FOURTEENTH EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF PA

IS SAD AND CLOUDY."—Henry Farrer.

HAT C...S.—T. W. Wood.



...CE.—...EL Colman.



...SCA... J. Frank Currier.

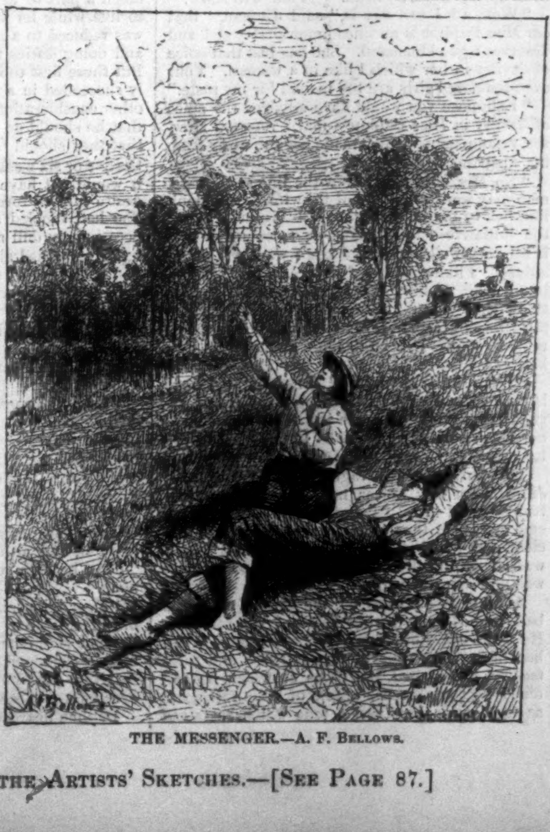
AFTER THE FORAY.—Walter Satterlee.

A DOMESTIC TOILER.—H. Muhrman.

THE SIESTA.—C. M. Dewey.

"BEG."—James Symington.

IN THE YELLOW KINGDOM.—Walton.



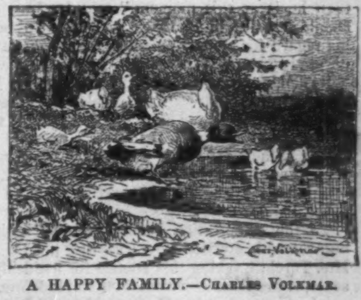
THE MESSENGER.—A. F. Bellows.

"SHUT THE DOOR!"—Thomas Worth.

PORTRAIT STUDY.
W. M. Chase.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.—F. Hopkinson Smith.

A SHELL-STREWN BEACH.—Fidelia Bridges.



A HAPPY FAMILY.—Charles Volkmar.

THE BRUNETTE.—Simoni. PEASANT GIRL.—Miss E. Greatorex. "WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?"—P. B. Hahs. GENEROSITY.—Frank C. Jones. HOLLYHOCKS.—Mrs. J. A. House. SEA URCHIN.—R. F. Bloodgood.

PA...TERS IN WATER-COLORS.—From the Artists' Sketches.—[See Page 87.]

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—(*Continued.*)

"FOR I WOL GLADLY YELDEN HIRE MY PLACE."

WHEN Miss Lawford and her sister arrived, at about half past four, the drawing-room wore a hospitable aspect—a huge log burning in the Elizabethan fire-place; flowers of a homely kind, chrysanthemums and Christmas roses, crocuses and snow-drops, about the rooms; and an old-fashioned tea-tray on an old-fashioned sofa-table—nothing of Adam, or Chippendale, or Queen Anne, about it, but a good old ponderous piece of rose-wood furniture, almost as heavy as a house.

Mrs. Turchill received her guest with gracious smiles, and a heartiness which took Daphne by surprise. She had made up her mind that she was going to be snubbed, and a dash of timidity gave a new grace to her beauty. She was very grave, and seemed, to Mrs. Turchill's scrutinizing eye, to be fully awakened to the responsibilities of her position. Could she but remain in this better frame of mind, she might fairly be trusted with the Derby dessert service and piled-up treasures of the linen closet.

Mrs. Turchill made Daphne sit on the sofa by her side while she poured out the tea, and was positively affectionate in her manner.

"You will be making tea in this pot before long," she said, with a loving glance at the fluted tea-pot. "It is not a good pourer. You'll have to learn the knack of holding it exactly in the right position."

"I hope you are not sorry," faltered Daphne, in a very low voice, meaning about the event generally, not with any special reference to the tea-pot.

"Well, my dear, I am too truthful a woman to deny that it was a blow," returned Mrs. Turchill, candidly. Edgar had kept out of the way when the sisters arrived, wishing his mother to have Daphne all to herself for a little while. "I suppose that kind of thing must always be a blow to a mother. 'My son's my son till he gets him a wife,' you know."

"I hope Edgar will never be any less your son than he is at this moment," said Daphne. "I should not like him so well as I do if I thought his regard for me could make him one shade less devoted to you."

"Well, my dear, time will show," replied Mrs. Turchill, doubtfully. "As a rule, young wives are very selfish; they expect to monopolize their husbands' affection. All I hope is that you love Edgar as he deserves to be loved. There never was a worthier young man, and no girl living could hope for a better husband than he will make."

To this exhortation Daphne replied nothing. She sat with downcast eyes, stirring her tea, and Mrs. Turchill, taking this silence for maidenly reserve, transferred her attentions to Madoline.

"I am so sorry Mr. Goring did not drive over with you," she said. "I quite expected him."

"You are very kind," answered Lina. "He has gone to London. I had a telegram from Euston Station an hour ago. Gerald has some business to settle with his London lawyers, and is likely to be away for some days."

"I'm afraid you must find South Hill very dull in his absence," suggested Mrs. Turchill, politely.

"I miss him very much, but I don't think I am ever dull. My father occupies a good deal of my time; and then there is Daphne, who has generally plenty to say for herself."

"Meaning that I am an insatiable chatterer," said Daphne, laughing. "I'm afraid it was Dibb—I mean Martha, an old school-fellow of mine—who got me into the habit of talking so much."

"Was she a great talker?"

"Quite the contrary. She rarely opened her mouth except to put something into it, so I acquired the pernicious habit of talking for two."

Edgar now came in, and seeing Daphne and his mother seated side by side upon the sofa, felt himself exalted to the seventh heaven of tranquil joy. This, and this only, was needed to fill his cup of bliss: that his mother should be content, that life should flow on smoothly in the old grooves.

"Well, Daphne, how do you like the look of Hawksyard in the winter?"

"I think it is quite the nicest old place in the world. I haven't seen much of the world, but I can't imagine a more interesting old house."

"You will like it better and better as you become more acquainted with it," said Mrs. Turchill. "It is one of the most convenient houses I ever saw, and I have seen a good many in my time. My husband's mother was a capital housekeeper, and she did not rest till she had made the domestic arrangements as near perfection as was possible in her time. I have tried to follow in her footsteps."

"And to make perfection still more perfect," said Edgar.

"There are modern inventions and improvements, Edgar, which your grandmother knew nothing about. Not that I hold with them all. If you are not tied for time," added Mrs. Turchill, addressing herself to the two young ladies, "I should very much like to show Daphne the domestic offices. It would give her an idea of what she will have to deal with by-and-by."

Daphne, who knew about as much as a butterfly knows of the management of a house, smiled faintly, but said nothing. She had come to Hawksyard determined to make herself pleasing to Mrs. Turchill, if it were possible, for Edgar's sake.

"I ventured to tell them to take out the horses," said Edgar, "knowing that you don't dine till eight."

"I shall be pleased to stay as long as Mrs. Turchill likes," answered Madoline; whereupon the matron, acknowledging this speech with a gracious bend, rose from her sofa, took her key basket from the table, and led the way to the corridor in which opened those china and linen stores which were the supreme delight of her soul.

Swelling with pride and the consciousness of duty done, she displayed and descanted on her treasures and the convenient arrangement thereof: the old diamond-cut glass; the Bow, the Staffordshire, the Swansea, the Derby cups and saucers and plates and dishes—crockery bought in the common way of life, and now of inestimable value. She showed her goodly piles of linen and damask, which a Flemish housewife might have envied. She led her guests to the dairy, which in its smaller and humbler way was as neat and dainty and ornamental as Her Majesty's dairy at Frogmore. She talked learnedly of butter-making, cream-cheeses, and the disposal of skim-milk. Daphne wondered to find how large a science was this domestic management of which she knew absolutely nothing.

"A house of this kind requires a great deal of care and a great deal of thought," said Mrs. Turchill, with a solemn air. "Old servants are a great comfort, but they have their drawbacks, and require to be kept in check. With a young, inexperienced mistress I'm afraid they will be tempted to take many liberties."

Mrs. Turchill concluded her speech with a gentle sigh and a regretful glance at Daphne; not an unfriendly look, by any means, but it expressed her foreboding of future ruin for the house of Hawksyard.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"AND COME AGEN, BE IT BY DAY OR NIGHT."

THE next three days passed somewhat slowly at South Hill. Unselfish as Madoline was, even her delight in Daphne's engagement could not altogether compensate for Gerald's absence. Life without him hung heavily; she missed him at all those accustomed hours which they had spent together. In the bright noon-tide, when he rode over fresh and full of vivacity after a late breakfast; in the afternoon dusk, when they had been wont to waste time so pleasantly beside the low wood fire; in the evening; always. He had been away for three days, and she had received only one shabby little letter—just a few feeble sentences, explaining that he had been obliged to run up to London at an hour's notice to see his lawyers upon some dry-as-dust business relating to his Stock Exchange investments. He hoped to settle it all speedily, and come back to Warwickshire. The letter gave her very little comfort.

"I am afraid he is being worried," she said to Daphne, after she had read this brief communication two or three times over. "It is not like one of his letters."

The week after the ball began with one of those dull Sundays which come down upon country life like an atmosphere of gloom, and seem to blot out all the pleasantness of creation. A drizzling Scotch-misty Sabbath, painfully suggestive of Glasgow and the Free Kirk. Madoline and Daphne walked to church, water-proofed to the eyes, and assisted sadly at a damp service, the whole congregation smelling of mackintoshes, the drip, drip of umbrellas on the encaustic pavement audible in the pauses of the liturgy. It was a rule at South Hill that horses and coachmen should rest on the seventh day, save under direst pressure, and neither of the sisters objected to a wet walk. Edgar met them at church, having tramped over through mud and rain, much to the disgust of his mother, who deemed that to be absent from one's own parish church on a Sunday morning was a social misdemeanor, not to be atoned for by the most fervent worship in a strange tabernacle. He joined Lina and her sister in the porch, and walked home with them by moist fields and a swollen Avon, whose fringe of willows never looked more funereal than on this dull wintry noon-tide, when the scant bare shoots stood straight up against a sky of level gray.

"Any news from Goring?" asked Edgar, by way of making himself agreeable.

"Not since I saw you last. I fancy he must be very busy. He is usually such a good correspondent."

"Busy!" cried Edgar, laughing heartily at the idea. "What can he have to be busy about?—unless it's the fit of a new suit of clothes, or some original idea in shooting boots which he wants carried out, or the choice of a new horse; but, for that matter, I believe he doesn't seriously care what he rides. Busy, indeed! He can't know what work means. His bread was buttered for him on both sides before he was born."

"Isn't that rather a juvenile notion of yours, Edgar?" asked Madoline. "I believe the richest people are often the busiest. Property has its duties as well as its rights."

"No doubt. But a rich man can always take the rights for his own share, and pay somebody else to perform the duties," answered Edgar, shrewdly. "And I should think Goring was about the last man to let his property be a source of care to him."

"In this instance I am afraid he is being worried about it," said Lina, decisively, and with a look which seemed to say, "nobody has any right to have an opinion about my lover."

The day was a long one, even with the assistance of Edgar in the task of getting through it. Daphne, considerably sobered by her engagement, behaved irreproachably all the afternoon and evening, but she stifled a good many yawns, until the effort made her eyes water.

Her father had been unusually kind to her since the announcement of her betrothal. All his anxieties about her, and it had been the habit of his mind to regard her as a source of trouble and difficulty, or even of future woe, were now set at rest. Married in the early bloom of her girlhood to such a man as Edgar, all her life to come would be so fenced round and protected, so sheltered and guarded by love and honor, that perversity itself could scarce go astray.

"Daphne's mother was spoiled before I married her," he told himself, remembering the misery of his second marriage. "If I had won her before her heart was corrupted, our lives might have been different."

It seemed to him, looking at the matter soberly, that there could be no better alliance for his younger daughter than this with Edgar Turchill. He had seen them together continually, in a companionship which seemed full of pleasure for both: boating together, at lawn tennis, at billiards, sympathizing, as it seemed to him from his superficial point of view, in every thought and feeling. It never occurred to him that this was a mere surface sympathy, and that the hidden deeps of Daphne's mind and soul were far beyond the plummet-line of Edgar's sympathy or comprehension. Sir Vernon had made up his mind that his younger daughter was a frivolous butterfly being, who needed only frivolous pleasures and girlish amusements to make her happy.

Everybody, or almost everybody, approved of Daphne's engagement. It was pleasant to the girl to live for a little while in an atmosphere of praise. Even Aunt Rhoda, upon whose being Daphne had exercised the kind of influence which some people feel when there is a cat in the room—even Aunt Rhoda professed herself delighted. She came over between the showers and the church services, upon this particular Sunday, on purpose to tell Daphne how very heartily she approved of her conduct.

"You have acted wisely for once in your life," she said, sententiously; "I hope it is the beginning of many wise acts. I suppose you will be married at the same time as Lina? The double wedding will have a very brilliant effect, and will save your father ever so much trouble and expense."

"Oh no, I should not like that," cried Daphne, hurriedly.

"You wouldn't like a double wedding!" ejaculated Mrs. Ferrers, indignantly. "Why, what a vain, arrogant little person you must be! I suppose you fancy your own importance would be lessened if you were married at the same time as your elder sister?"

"No, no, aunt; indeed it is not that. I am quite content to seem of no account beside Lina. I love her far too dearly to envy her superiority. But—if—when—I am married—I should like it to be very quietly—no people looking on—no fuss—no fine gowns. When my father and Edgar have made up their minds that the proper time has come, I should like just to walk into my uncle's church early some morning, with papa and Lina, and for Edgar to meet us there, just as quietly as if we were poor people, and for no one to be told anything about it."

"What a romantic school-girlish notion!" said Mrs. Ferrers, contemptuously. "Such a marriage would be a discredit to your family; and I should think it most unlikely my brother would ever give his consent to such a hole-and-corner way of doing things."

The one person at South Hill who absolutely refused to smile upon Daphne's engagement was Madoline's faithful Mowser. That devoted female received the announcement with shrugs and ominous shakings of a head which carried itself as if it were the living temple of wisdom, and in a manner incomplete without that helmet of Minerva which obviously of right belonged to it.

"You don't seem as pleased as the rest of us at the notion of this second marriage," said good-tempered Mrs. Spicer, housekeeper and cook, to whom "the family" was the central point of the universe, sun, moon, and stars, earth and ocean, and all the rest of mankind, being merely so much furniture created to make "the family" comfortable.

"I hear and see, and say nothing," answered Mowser, as oracular in most of her utterances as Friar Bacon's brazen head. "Time will show."

"Well, all I can say is," said Jinman, "that our Miss Daphne is an uncommon pretty girl, and deserves a good husband. She has just that spice of devilry in her which I like in a woman. Your even-tempered girls are too insipid for my taste."

"I suppose you would have admired the spice of devilry in Miss Daphne's mar," retorted Mowser, venomously, "which made her run away from her husband."

"No, Mrs. Mowser; I draw the line at that. A man may want to get rid of his wife, but he don't like her to take the initial"—Mr. Jinman meant the initiative—"and bolt. A spice of devilry is all very well, but one doesn't want the entire animal. I like a shake of the grater in my negus, but I don't desire the whole nutmeg. But I do think that it's a low-minded thing to cast up Miss Daphne's mar every time the young lady's talked about. Every tub must stand on its own bottom."

"Well, Mr. Jinman," said Mowser, "all I hope is that Miss Daphne will carry through her engagement, now she's made it. She's welcome to her own sweetheart, as far as I am concerned, so long as she doesn't hanker after other people's."

The phrase ended vaguely, and neither Mr. Jinman nor Mrs. Spicer, nor the coachman, who had dropped in to tea and toast and a poached egg or two in the housekeeper's room, had any clear idea of what Mowser meant, except that it was something ill-natured. On that point there was no room for doubt.

Another week wore on, the second after the ball, and Gerald Goring had not yet returned. He wrote every other day, telling Madoline all he had been doing—the picture-galleries and theatres he had visited, the clubs at which he had dined—yet in all these letters of his, affectionate as they were, there was a tone which sustained in Lina's mind the idea that her lover was in some way troubled or worried. The few phrases which gave rise to this impression were of the vaguest; she hardly knew how or why the notion had entered her mind, but it was there, and remained there, and it increased her anxiety for his return to an almost painful degree. While she was expecting him daily and hourly, a much longer letter arrived, which on the first reading almost broke her heart:

"MY DEAR ONE,—I write, in tremendous excitement and flurry of mind, to tell you something which I fear may displease you; yet at the very beginning I will disarm your wrath by saying that if you put a veto upon this intention of mine, it shall be instantly abandoned. Subject to this, dear love, I am going in hot haste to Canada. Don't be startled, Lina. It is no more nowadays than going to Scotland. Men I know go across for the salmon-fishing every autumn, and are absent so short a time that their friends hardly miss them from the beaten tracks at home.

"And now I will tell you what has put this Canadian idea into my head. I have for some time been feeling a little below par; mopish, lymphatic, disinclined for exertion of any kind. My holiday in the Orkneys was a *dolce-far-niente* business, which did me no real good. I went the other day to a famous doctor in Cavendish Square—a man who puts our Prime Ministers on their legs when they are inclined to drop, like tired cab horses, under the burden of the public weal. He ausculted me carefully, found me sound in wind and limb, but nerves and muscles alike in need of bracing. 'You want change of scene and occupation,' he said, 'and a climate that will make you exert yourself. Go to Vienna and skate.' I dare say this would have been good advice for a man who had never seen Vienna; but as I know that brilliant capital by heart, with all its virtues, and a few of its vices, I rejected it. 'Please yourself,' said my physician, pocketing his fee; 'but I recommend complete change, and the hardest climate you can bear.' I do not feel sure that I intended to take his advice, or should have thought any more about it; but I happened to meet Lord Loftus Berwick, the Duke of Banburgh's youngest son, and an old Eton chum of mine, in the smoking-room at the Reform that very evening, and he told me he was just off to Canada, dilated enthusiastically upon the delights of that wintry region, the various sports congenial to the month of February. He goes *viâ* New York, Delaware and Hudson Railway to Montreal, thence to Quebec, and from Quebec by the intercolonial railway to Rimouski, where he is to charter a small schooner and cross the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Natashquau River, which river belongs to two particular friends of his, both distinguished actors, and men of unbounded popularity on each side of the Atlantic. Here Loftus proposes to hunt cariboo, moose, elk, and I don't know what else. But before he puts on his snow-shoes, loads his sledges, and harnesses his dogs for those happy hunting grounds, he is going to revel in the more civilized and sophisticated pleasures of a Canadian winter—curling clubs, sleigh-rides around the mountain at Montreal, tobogganing at the Falls of Montmorenci, near Quebec, and so on. Just the thing for me, thought I: a hard climate, only about eight days' voyage, if my dearest did not object to my being away from my natural place at her feet for about five or six weeks. At my hinting a wish to accompany him, Loftus became still more enthusiastic, and was eager to have the whole thing settled that moment. And now, love, it is for you to decide. I think the run would do me good; but perish the thought of benefit to me, if it must be bought at the price of pain to you. Loftus is going in the Cunard which leaves Liverpool the day after to-morrow. Telegraph your wishes, and be assured beforehand of obedience from your devoted slave,

"GERALD GORING."

Madoline's first thoughts were of the pain of being parted from her lover, whose presence had for so long been the sunshine of her days, and so much a part of her life that she seemed scarcely to live while he was away from her. Existence was reduced to a mere mechanical moving about, and doing duties which had lost all their savor. But these first thoughts, being selfish, were swiftly succeeded in a nature so entirely unselfish by other considerations. If it were for Gerald's good that he should go to the other end of the world, that they should be parted for much longer than the five or six weeks of which he spoke so lightly, it would not have been in Madoline's nature to desire him to forego even a possible advantage. She had fancied sometimes of late that he was occasionally dull and low-spirited; and now this letter explained all. He was out of health. He had been leading too quiet and womanish a life, no doubt, in his willingness to spend his days in her society. He had foregone all those hardy exercises and field sports which are so necessary to a man who has no serious work in life. Madoline's telegram ran thus:

"Go, by all means, if you think the change will do you good. I tremble at the idea of your crossing the sea at this time of year. Let me see you before you go. If you can not come here, I will ask my aunt to go to London with me, that I may at least bid you good-by."

The answer came as quickly as electricity could bring it, and although laconic, was satisfactory. "I will be with you about five o'clock this afternoon."

"Dear fellow, how little he thinks of the trouble of travelling so many miles to please me!" thought Madoline, and the idea of her lover's affection sustained her against the pain of parting.

"Next year I shall have the right to go wherever he goes," she told herself.

Daphne heard of the Canadian expedition, but

said so little about it that Lina wondered at her coolness.

"I thought you would have been more surprised," she said.

"Did you? Why, there is really nothing startling or uncommon in the idea," answered Daphne, smilingly. "This rushing about the world for sport seems the most fashionable thing among young men with plenty of money. The society journals are always telling us how Lord This or Sir John That has gone to the Rockies to shoot wild sheep, or to the north pole for bears, or to Hungary, or Wallachia, or the Balkan Range. The beaten tracks count for nothing nowadays."

When the afternoon came, Lina was alone to receive her lover. Daphne had been seized with a dutiful impulse toward her aunt, and had gone to drink tea at the Rectory, with Edgar in attendance upon her.

"Won't you defer your duty visit till to-morrow, and wish Gerald good-by?" asked Lina, when Daphne proposed the expedition.

"No, dear; you can do that for me. This is an occasion on which you ought to have him all to yourself. You will have so much to say to each other."

"If it were mother, she would occupy all the time in begging him to wear flannels, put cork soles in all his boots, and avoid damp beds," said Edgar, laughing. "Now, Daphne, put on your hat as quick as you can. It's a lovely afternoon for a walk across the fields. If this frost continues, we shall have skating presently."

The daylight faded slowly; a bright frosty day, a clear and rosy sunset. Lina sat by the pretty hearth in her morning-room, and exactly as the clock struck five the footman brought in her dainty little tea-tray, set out the table before the fire, and lighted three or four wax candles in the old Sèvres candelabra on the mantel-piece. Here she and her lover would be secure from the interruption of callers, which they could not be in the drawing-room.

Five minutes after the hour, there came the sound of wheels upon the gravel-drive, a loud ring at the bell, and in the next instant the door of the morning-room was opened, and Gerald came in, looking bulkier than usual in his furred travelling coat.

"Dear Gerald, this is so good of you," said Madoline, rising to welcome him.

"Dearest!" He took both her hands, and stood looking at her in the fire-light, with a countenance full of tenderness—a mournful tenderness—as if he were saddened by the thought of parting. "You are not angry with me for leaving you—for a few weeks?"

"Angry, when you are told the change is necessary for your health! How could you think me so selfish? Let me look at you. Yes, you are looking ill—pale and wan. Gerald, you have been ill, seriously ill, perhaps, since you left here, and you would not tell me for fear of alarming me. I am sure that it is so. Your letters were so hurried, so different from—"

"My dear girl, you are mistaken. I told you the exact truth about myself when I owned to feeling mopish and depressed. I have had no actual illness, but I feel that a run across the Atlantic will revive and invigorate me."

"And it is quite right of you to go, dear Gerald, if the voyage is not dangerous in this weather."

"Dear love, it is no more dangerous than calling a hansom to take one down Regent Street. The hansom may come to grief somehow, or there may be a gale between Liverpool and New York; but there is hardly any safer way a man can dispose of himself than to trust his life to a Cunard steamer."

"And do you think you will enjoy yourself in Canada?"

"As much as I can enjoy myself anywhere away from you. According to my friend Loftus, a Canadian winter is the acme of bliss; and if the winter should break up early, we may contrive to get a little run into the Hudson Bay country, and a glimpse of the Rockies before we come home."

"That sounds as if you meant to stay rather a long time," said Lina, with a touch of anxiety.

"Indeed no, dear. At latest I shall be with you before April is half over. Think what is to happen early in May!"

"My coming of age. It seems so absurd to come of age at twenty-five, when one is almost an old woman."

"An old woman verily. A girl as fresh in youthful purity as if her cheek still wore the baby bloom of seventeen summers. But have you forgotten something else that is to happen next May, Lina? Our wedding."

"There has been nothing fixed about that," faltered Madoline; "except, perhaps, that it is to be this year. My father has not said a word as to the actual time, and I know that he wants to keep me as long as he can."

"And I think you know that I want to have you at the Abbey as soon as I can. I am getting to loathe that big house, for lack of your presence to transform it into a home. We must be married in May, dearest. Remember we have only been waiting for you to come of age, and for all dry-as-dust questions of property to be settled. If we had been Darby the gardener and Joan the dairy-maid, we should have been married four years ago, shouldn't we, Lina?"

"I suppose so," she answered, blushing, and taking refuge in the occupation of pouring out the tea, adjusting the egg-shell cups and saucers, the little rat-tailed spoons, all the dainty affectations and quaintnesses of high-art tea-drinking. "Darby and Joan were always so imprudent."

"Yes, but they are often happy. They marry foolishly, and perhaps starve a little after marriage; but they wed while the first bloom is on their love. Come, Lina, say that we shall be married early in May."

"I can promise nothing without my father's consent. My aunt was suggesting that Daphne and I should be married on the same day."

"Did she?" asked Gerald, his head bent, his hands engaged with his cup and saucer. "Two victims led to the altar—Iphigenia and Polyxena, and no likelihood of a hind being substituted for either young lady. Don't you think there is a dash of vulgarity in a double wedding, a desire to make the very most of the event, to intensify the parade—two sets of bridemaids, two displays of presents, two honey-moon departures, all the tawdriness and show and artificiality of a modern wedding exaggerated by duplication?"

"I think that is rather Daphne's idea. She begs that she and Edgar may be married very quietly, without fuss of any kind."

"I had no idea Daphne was capable of such wisdom. I thought she would have asked for four-and-twenty bridemaids," said Gerald, with a cynical laugh.

"She is much more sensible than you have ever given her credit for being," answered Madoline, a little offended at his tone. "She has behaved sweetly since her engagement."

"And—you—think—she—is—happy?"

How slowly he said this, stirring his tea all the while, as if the words were spoken mechanically, his thoughts being wide away from them.

"Do you suppose I should be satisfied if I were not sure in my own mind of her happiness? How can she fail to be happy? She is engaged to a thoroughly good man, who adores her; and if—if she is not quite as deeply in love with him as he is with her, there is no doubt that her affection for him will increase and strengthen every day."

"Naturally. He will flatter and fool her till—were it only from sheer vanity—she will ultimately find him necessary to her existence. I knew he had only to persevere in order to win her. I told him so last summer."

"And Edgar is grateful to you for encouraging him when he was inclined to despair. He told me so yesterday. But do not let us talk of Daphne all the time. I want you to tell me about yourself. How good it was of you to come down to say good-by!"

"Could I do less, dearest? Good-byes are always painful, even when the parting is to be of the briefest, as in this case; but from the moment I knew you wished to see me, it was my duty to come."

"Can you stay here to-night?"

"I can stay exactly ten minutes, and no more. I have to catch the half past six express."

"You are not going to the Abbey?"

"No. I have written to my steward, and I am such a *roi fainéant* at the best of times that my coming or going makes very little difference. I leave the new hot-houses under your care and governance, subject to MacCloskie, who governs you. All their contents are to be for the separate use and maintenance of your rooms while I am away."

"I shall be smothered with flowers."

"May there never be a thorn among them! And now, love, adieu. This time to-morrow I shall be steaming out of the Mersey. I have to see that Gibson has not come to grief in the preparation of my outfit. A man wants a world of strange things for Canada, according to the outfitters. My own love, good-by."

"Good-by, Gerald, dearest, best—good-by. Every wind that blows will make me miserable while you are on the sea. You'll let me know directly you arrive, won't you? You'll put me out of my misery as soon as you can?"

"I'll cable the hour I land."

"That will be so good of you," she said, going with him to the door.

How calm and clear the frosty evening looked! how vivid the steely stars up yonder above the feathery tree-tops! how peaceful and happy all the world!

"God bless you, dear one!" said each to each, as they kissed their parting kiss, both hearts so heavy, but one so pure and free from guile, the other so weighed down by secret cares that could not be told.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WINTER LIFE BY THE SEA.

FASHION, which is generally disposed to take a pessimist view of any but a winter town life, has within a recent period developed a taste for a winter sojourn at bleak watering-places by the sea. This fancy is due to two causes—the Anglomabia which has lately become epidemic in certain circles, and the perplexities of swell medical practitioners, who, driven to their wits' end to devise new and original diversions for exacting and profitable patients, have availed themselves of the opening presented by astute landlords on the coast to prescribe a winter residence by the sea.

The unwonted appearance of these tender plants of society at this inclement season is a mystery which the 'longshore-man can not solve. To him the winter, be he ever so well prepared to encounter its vicissitudes, is a season to the approach of which he looks forward with dread. No more agreeable place of abode may be found at any season than in certain closely built towns and cities situated immediately upon the coast. Fashion, however, which is nothing if not bizarre, leaves these on one side, and seeks bleak localities, from which those to the manor born would only too gladly escape, did not their necessities enforce an unwilling stay.

In nothing is our servile copy of foreign models more grotesque than in the adoption of this fashion of a winter sojourn on our exposed Northern coast. The climatic conditions which have given rise to this custom among the English are so entirely different from those which exist with us as to emphasize the absurdity of our imitation. The English winter resorts for invalids, either real or fancied, are towns of considerable population on the south coast, where the climate is softer and more genial than in any other part of Great Britain. These resorts are sheltered from the harsh north and west winds; those to which they owe their equable temperature come to them from Africa across Spain and Southern France. In their course those balmy winds traverse but comparatively short stretches of chilled salt-water, consequently they do not materially lose their original warmth and salubrity. Our Northern coast presents altogether different conditions. In front of it is the vast Atlantic, while in the rear, as a rule, are great sandy plains, scantily covered with scrub oaks and stunted pines, which offer no barrier to the icy blasts from the North. The water of the sea is reduced to a low temperature by these winds; consequently when they shift to the south, instead of, as might be supposed, fetching with them a warm and balmy air, they bring us from the chilled surface of the ocean an atmosphere far more insupportable, penetrating, and depressing than that which comes from the north and west. The Gulf Stream is a fetich worshipped by these pilgrims to this wintry Mecca. It is supposed to be a vast furnace tempering and softening the breezes near the sea. There is no doubt of this, but its effect on the southerly winds during the winter is not appreciable for at least thirty-six hours after a shift to that quarter. Under the racking influence of our shuttlecock climate, a body of people congregated in some isolated caravansary on our Northern coast must be very sincere admirers one of the other to make the life worth living. During high gales and storms, when precluded for days from out-door exercise, one might fancy that, driven to desperation, they would fall upon each other with sarcastic fury.

There is a winter life by the sea, even very far North, which, under certain conditions, is very agreeable and full of interest. Its charm consists in its wildness and isolation, doubly enhanced where one is beyond the reach of the sound of the locomotive or the tug. To enjoy it thoroughly the domestic interior must be one of great comfort; indeed, luxuriousness in this direction only enhances by contrast the bleakness and solitude of out-door life. Such a home need not be reared within the very reach of the breakers; the end may be accomplished in choosing a site close to the edge of one of the many bays and sounds found on portions of our Northern coast. These bodies of water are usually quite shallow, and frozen during the winter. They are separated from the sea by stretches of sand-beach, across which an occasional glimpse of the ocean may be had. If absolute privacy be sought, it may be found here. One's nighest friend may in summer reside miles away, while in winter one must go to the distant town or city to find the same. To render this life attractive and endurable, its disciple should be devoted to some particular and absorbing pursuit, or he should be a sportsman whose enthusiasm can not be chilled by repeated failures and disappointments. If the latter, and he follow almost exclusively the pursuit of wild sea-fowl, he will meet with quaint and grotesque phases of human nature, and witness a play of the elements unknown to inland dwellers and residents of thickly inhabited towns and cities. While these are buried in sleep in close furnace-heated houses on a December morning, the bay gunner is astir long before the dawn of day. By lamp-light he prepares himself or eats a frugal breakfast made ready for him. The howling of the north-west wind about the angles of the house gives him a foretaste of what may be encountered without. With his traps and decoys, he embarks in a twelve-foot skiff, hoists a goose-wing sail, and puts off before the wind. As he recedes from shore, the waters roughen, and the following waves hang menacingly above the stern of the boat. Half way across the bay to the shooting grounds, he observes the first indications of the dawn of day. A more complete sense of isolation can not be imagined. Not a single friendly sail is to be seen. A twinkling light in some house on the distant shore is the sole guarantee that he is not tossing in mid-ocean. When he reaches his destination, he is stiff with cold, and his garments covered with ice. Until sundown he watches patiently for the coming duck or goose. He may be successful, or at night-fall he repeats the experience of the morning, without a feather to show for his perseverance and pertinacity. The instinct of the genuine hunter is so strong, notwithstanding the hardships and unsuccess of former efforts, he soon forgets his trials and privations, and at slight encouragement is eager to repeat them. In a day or two he will be off again, under circumstances many times more trying and exasperating.

Another interest in this sort of life is found in watching the varying phases of winter gales, and in studying the movement of the barometer incidental thereto. Only those who have had an extensive local experience of the same can appreciate the destructive power they develop, as they sweep from the sea unopposed across the plain, shaking to the centre any prominent object in their path. The genesis of these gales is generally the same. The wind, with a high barometer, is from the east, piling up in the west a bank of threatening clouds, which, as the wind force increases, gradually overspreads the zenith. As the wind rises, the barometer commences to fall, followed by rain or snow. If the gale reach its height during the night, when all noises seem magnified and intensified, the roar of the wind and surf is more noticeable, the shutters keep up a ceaseless rattle, the house trembles and shakes, and the lifting of the roof is a possible contingency. Sleep, unless one be utterly overcome with fatigue, is entirely impossible. There is for a time a complete lull in the gale, when all noises cease. This indicates that we are in the vortex of the storm, and that its centre is immediately about us. This temporary silence is followed by a shift of wind to the south and west, from whence it bursts upon us with increased power. In the midst of this fresh assault an ominous crash is heard above the roar of the gale. The man of experience does not attempt to fathom the mystery. The novice proceeds to make an immediate investigation. Dressed in tarpaulins, and armed with a lantern, he sallies out. In a moment a furious blast lands him on his back, while the lantern disappears with a flash into space. With much difficulty the investigator regains his feet, and attempts to breast the wind; but he succumbs to its irresistible power, and crawls into the house on his hands and knees. He seeks consolation in the study of the barometer, which is slowly recovering, on a shift of the wind north of west, from a minimum fall of 28.60. The reacting winds of these cyclones are more to be dreaded than those blowing in the earlier moments of the gale. The steeper the fall of the barometer, the fiercer will be the northwest or north winds which accompany clearing weather. These usually bring with them a cold wave, during which it is impossible, in a thoroughly well-built house, exposed on all sides, and provided with the most powerful heating apparatus, to raise the temperature to an approach to a comfortable point. The ink freezes while one writes within ten feet of the fire, and the mercury in the halls sinks to a point which should be seen to prevent a shock to credulity itself. Women and children of sound constitutions, living in their own homes, well clad and richly fed, suffer no inconvenience from these sudden changes of temperature, while those constitutionally weak, or ill fed and lodged, soon succumb to the trials of this sea-board climate.

When these bays are frozen, and free from snow, ice-boats for all practical purposes usurp the functions of the ordinary vessel. They lack carrying capacity, but this is supplemented under favorable conditions—in light winds—by boats placed on runners, and towed astern. A similar use is made of small boats, on the bottom of which iron runners are fastened. They are propelled with an ordinary boat-hook. The temptation to venture on these frozen waters, particularly when the field of amusement is limited, sometimes leads to disagreeable consequences. A woman and her children, unconscious of any lurking danger in the sky, ventures out some distance from the shore. Shortly the wind rises, and a few flakes of snow commence to fall; as the breeze increases, the snow falls more rapidly, and soon all landmarks are hidden from view. The wanderers become completely bewildered, and often before assistance can reach them, or their loss become known, they and the searchers pass what RABELAIS calls "un mauvais quart d'heure."

Of all who reside on the coast during the winter, probably the country doctor has the widest experience of its hardships and vicissitudes. His circuit is an extensive one. Often he is obliged to face wintry gales on the narrow stretch of beach separating the bay from the sea. Some old whaler, ten miles distant, who has encountered every possible form of disaster, and braved death in a hundred ways, finds himself during the night prostrated with a colic. He must have medical assistance without delay. The bay is neither frozen solidly enough to bear the weight of a man, nor can a boat be propelled through the thin ice. The messenger is forced to follow the line of beach until he reaches a place where it connects with the mainland. The doctor, in answer to the summons, follows the same route in his gig, to find, on his arrival, that the patient has purged himself of the disorder, and is pleasantly sleeping. Fees, precariously collected, make no amends for the annoyances of a midnight journey like this. From such experiences the country doctor in course of time develops into a person of great astuteness, and becomes a match for anything from a colicky whaler to a professional horse-trader. The latter now and again takes him in, but he must be a person of exceptional brilliancy. Such a one, of semi-clerical appearance, will appear with a string of horses in one of these sea-side hamlets on a Saturday afternoon. On the evening of that day he will lead in prayer at the meeting. On the Sunday he is even more fervent. The rural barterers, always ready for a horse trade, are thrown off their guard by this display of true inwardness. By Monday night they find themselves the possessors of a first-rate collection of ring-boned, spavined, balky animals, in exchange for an uncommonly sound lot of the same. Even a country doctor is occasionally nipped by these wandering sharpers. He has a plentiful opportunity to regret his simplicity when he is caught on the beach in a flood tide, and his balky purchase is backing him into the breakers of a wintry sea.

GASTON FAY.

A CHINAMAN ON BROADWAY.

EASTERN Enigma, under Western skies,
Lift for a moment thy mysterious eyes,
Full of great Asia's shadowy repose,
And hoary culture—older than mortal knows.

Why art thou here, where telegraphs and steam
Make life to thee like some weird opium dream?
Dost thou not miss, O passionless Tien Sin,
The gray old quiet of thy loved Pekin?

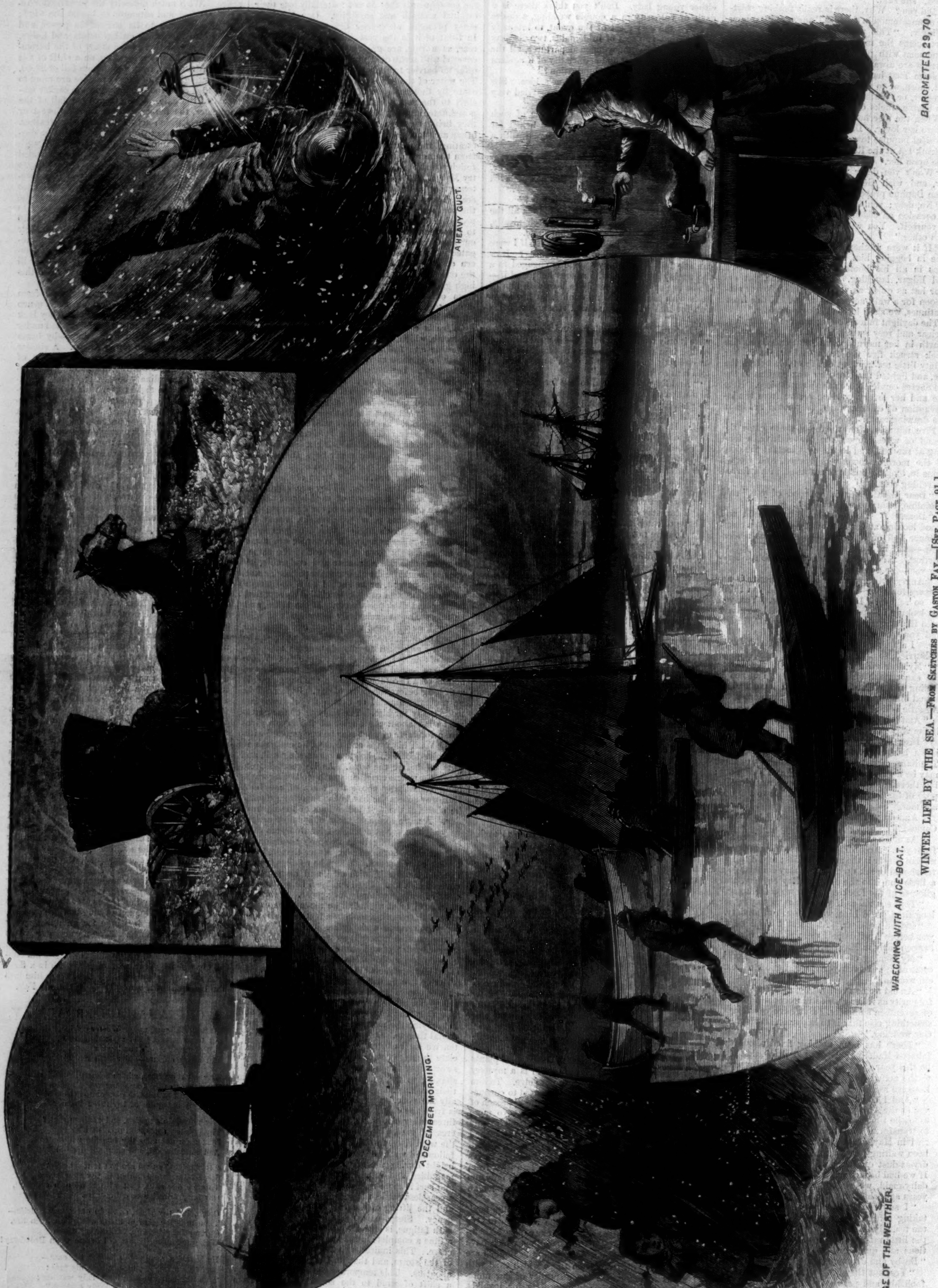
Thy porcelain pagodas, and gardens trim?
Thy pointed roofs, and ponds where gold-fish swim?
Dost thou not miss thy favorite willow-trees,
And sandal-wood, and camphor-scented breeze?

"Barbarians" as we are, yet it must start
Some faint astonishment in thy slow heart
To view our silks, that with thine own compare,
Our fairy miracles of china-ware.

Come, find thy place, and join our onward strife—
Thou must be glad to touch our quick, keen life,
Our myriad-sided life, fresh every day—
Wake up! Thou canst not dream upon Broadway!

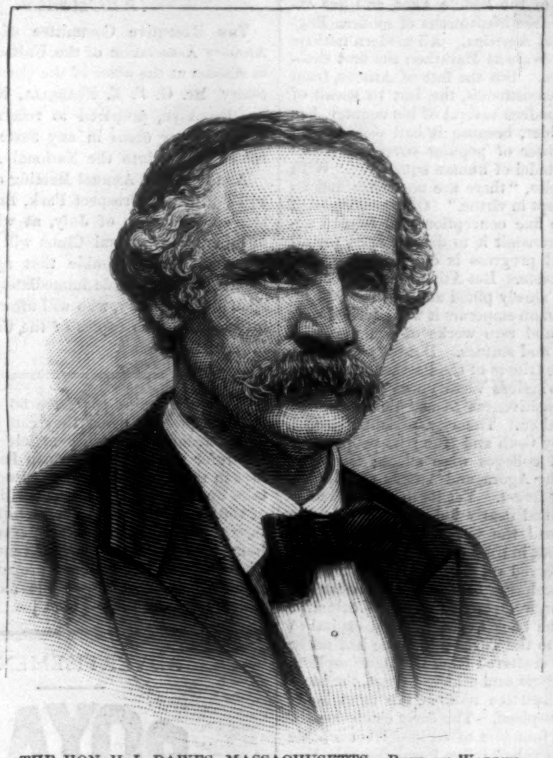
He bowed serenely—this is just the case—
And like a smiling tea-pot was his face:
"Me like-ee much-ee, plenty lady wash-ee;
Me chalge-ee lady always leady cash-ee."

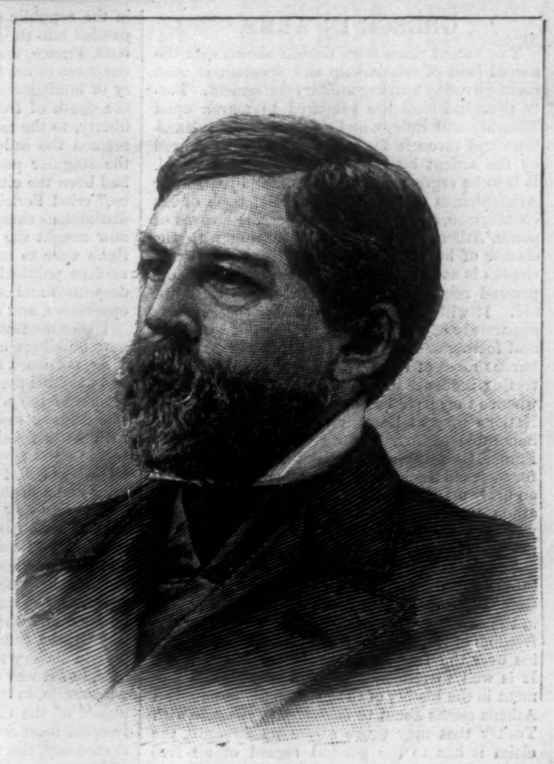
Then I desired to scold. I longed to say,
"If this is all your thought upon Broadway,
'Twere just as well in China yet to be,
Kowtowing to Mandarins—and drinking tea!"



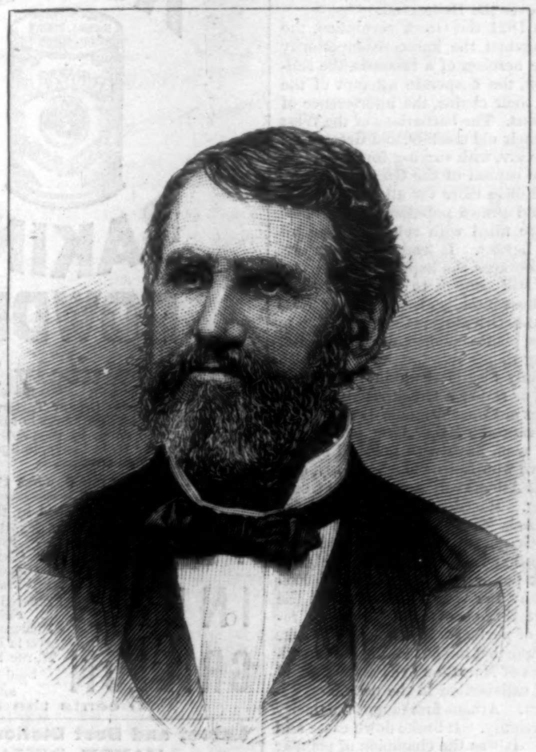
WINTER LIFE BY THE SEA.—From Sketches by Gaston Fay.—[See Page 91.]

THE HON. THOMAS C. PLATT, NEW YORK.—Phot. by Notman.

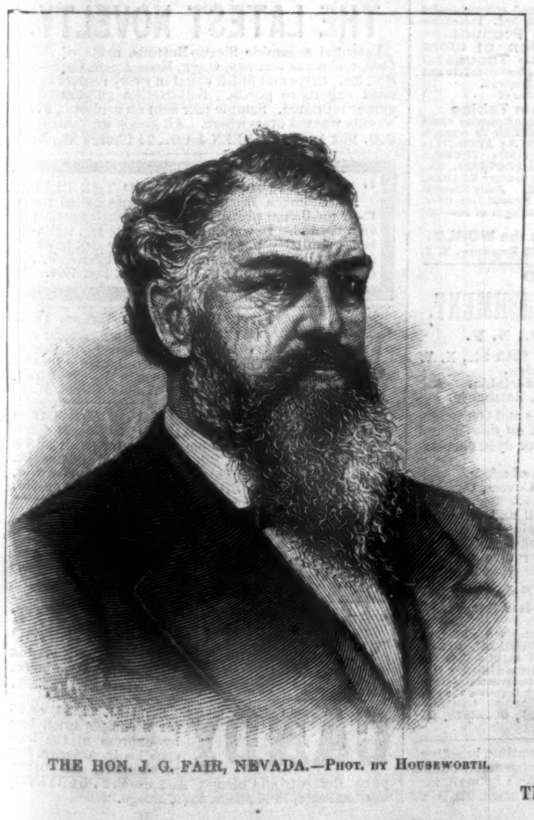

THE HON. H. L. DAWES, MASSACHUSETTS.—Phot. by Warren.

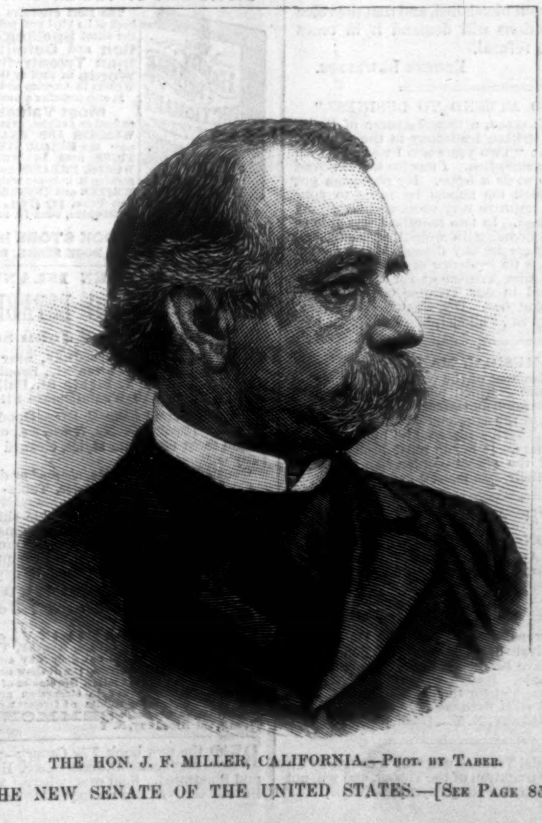

THE HON. EUGENE HALE, MAINE.—Phot. by Fassett.

THE HON. T. F. BAYARD, DELAWARE.—Phot. by Pach.


THE HON. O. D. CONGER, MICHIGAN.—Phot. by Dillon.

THE HON. J. L. PUGH, ALABAMA.—Phot. by Bell.


THE HON. J. G. FAIR, NEVADA.—Phot. by Houseworth.


THE HON. J. F. MILLER, CALIFORNIA.—Phot. by Taber.

THE HON. F. M. COCKRELL, MISSOURI.—Phot. by Bell.

THE NEW SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.—[See Page 85.]

GREECE IN ARMS.

THE recent news from Greece shows that the sacred land of scholarship and freedom is once more stirred by a strong military excitement. Forty thousand men are prepared to march upon Thessaly and Epirus, and as they pass by Marathon and through Thermopylæ will be followed by the ardent interest of the cultivated world. It is to be regretted that two thousand years after Aristophanes scoffed at the martial taste of his countrymen, and Sophocles painted the charms of peace, Athens should once more ring with the clamor of horrid war. But the new war of the Greeks is at least one of liberation, and their oppressed relatives in the North call to them for aid. It will be undertaken under the sanction apparently of all Europe, and it is not without a real feeling of grateful regard that the once barbarous races of the West have thrown their protecting influence on the side of the fallen nation whence they have borrowed all their intelligence. Nations may at least at times be governed by honorable feeling. They are not wholly selfish. France, Germany, and England have some regard for their old teacher, and remember the days when an army marched out of Athens to defend at Marathon the liberties of mankind, and when the wooden walls of Salamis contained and preserved the germs of the age of Pericles or Alexander.

The condition of things is reversed, and while in our day the Berlin Conference lent its aid to Greece from a sentiment of gratitude and policy, in the early age it was Greece that fought for the freedom of Europe, and spread its protecting genius over the free states and races of the West. It is well to remember in this very serious moment in the history of the modern kingdom, when Athens seems about to engage in a struggle with Turkey that may prove above its strength, the claim it has to the general regard of all free races. The Greeks are gathering in the Piræus and under the Acropolis to meet if necessary the savage Albanians, and reclaim the territory granted them by the Commissioners of the Berlin Conference. It may be hoped that the affair will be settled by peaceable means, and that the army so rapidly called into existence may be as rapidly disbanded. This does not seem to be the opinion or expectation of Mr. Stillman, who has recently urged that Greece, to maintain its "influence in the Levant," will be forced to take decided measures, nor of the progressive party in the Greek Chamber, that received coldly the King's temporizing speech, and is zealous for the war. Athens resounds with military preparation. Recruits from all the islands and the inland districts pour into the little city, says the correspondent of the *Débats*, and it is hoped that the whole army will soon number seventy thousand men. Never before did the Acropolis look down upon so numerous an array of Greeks. Not when the Attic ten thousand prepared to march out to Marathon, nor when Demosthenes sent forth his phalanx to Chæronea.

Greece in arms fighting for the liberties of the Greeks is a sight almost as startling as if a dead Hercules should come to life, or Athena Promachos again wave her spear and shield above the Acropolis. Yet how often has Greece been armed and fighting, not for herself, but for all future ages! At Marathon, four hundred and ninety years before our era, Athens was the first to suggest the idea that one freeman is equal in battle to a host of slaves, and that he who would be free must trust in his own right arm. It was for the people and for human liberty that Athens alone, abandoned even by the Spartans, resolved to test the truth of its convictions, and sent out its little army to conquer or to die. "The Athenians!" exclaimed Darius; "who are they?" He hoped to hear that his great and well-trained host had swept over the little frontier city like a destroying tempest, as it had done with so many others in Asia and Thrace, and left it a desolate waste. Athens was left alone to wage its desperate battle, except that one thousand generous Platæans, well armed and active, came unsummoned and unexpected to the aid of their allied city. But when the ten thousand freeman, led by Miltiades, Aristides, and Themistocles, came in sight of the hundreds of thousands of Persian slaves, they ran to meet them, we are told by the historian; they fell upon them, panting and breathless, and drove them, broken and bleeding, to their ships.

It was the first great victory of moral force, but the second was still more memorable. Ten years later the tall, majestic, timid Xerxes, the fairest and vainest of the Persians, stood over the blazing ashes of Athens, and fancied that he had destroyed forever the enemy of tyrants and the victor of Marathon. He stood where now the King of Greece gathers his forces, and saw from the Acropolis to the sea only a heap of ruins. Once again the disparity was almost incredible. His army was greater in number than all the soldiery of modern Europe united; his fleet covered the seas; a few thousand Greeks, within their wooden walls, prepared to fight their last battle for home and the father-land. The first victory of freedom had been won on the land, the second was on the sea, as if to consecrate both to the cause of human progress by the fearful rites of war. Xerxes, the symbol of despotism to all later ages, fled terrified and abashed before the genius of liberty, and of all his armies the bones of millions whitened the shores of Greece. The slaughter and waste of life was greater than even in Napoleon's flight from Moscow, or Cæsar's ravages in Gaul. Athens sprang up into a sudden splendor, the seat of democracy and the arts, the champion of the people.

Imperfect as was the Greek conception of freedom, it was indestructible; it could never die. It seemed to perish vainly fighting at Chæronea, but it was faintly diffused with the Alexandrian Empire over Asia, Africa, and the Scythian coasts; it penetrated the literature of Rome, and was taught in all the schools of the West; it revived in the republic of the Middle Ages, and has expanded into the free institutions of modern England, France, and America. All modern nations can meet to celebrate at Marathon the first victory of intelligence. But the fate of Athens, from the death of Demosthenes, the last to speak of liberty, to the modern revival of his country, has seemed the sadder, because it had once known the singular power of popular sovereignty, and had been the citadel of human equality. "With us," cried Pericles, "there are no castes and no distinctions except in virtue." Other nations had now caught the fine conception, and Roman authors were to transmit it to distant ages, for all modern political progress is only a war against despotism and caste. But Athens sank under its oppressors, and slowly pined and died.

Under the Roman emperors it was adorned with new buildings and rare works of art, with pictures, porticoes, and statues. But the genius that had moulded the friezes of the Parthenon and the temple of the wingless Victory was lost forever. The delicate sensitiveness to artistic grace died with Attic freedom. The city perished slowly. It was sacked by Goth and Hun; its people fled, its schools and colleges were silent; the trees grew again in the Agora, and Athens was almost hidden in a new forest. Yet its matchless buildings still remained nearly unharmed amidst the solitude, and until the war between the Turks and the Venetians, in the seventeenth century, the Parthenon preserved its majestic symmetry and repose. The explosion of a magazine shattered its roof and threw down many of its columns. The Greeks came back to their ruined capital to pine in slavery to the Turks; the race had never died, but it was scattered from Constantinople to Alexandria, in Syria and all the Levant, the most abject of the Christian nations, the most hopeless, the most despised. The early champions of democracy, the founders of an imperfect scheme of human equality, had fallen lower than the Persians they had met at Marathon and the barbarians they chased over the Hellespont.

Then came in 1821 the Greek revolution, the fierce struggle against the immense superiority of the Turks, the heroism of a Bozzaris, the self-sacrifice of Byron, the desperate attempt of the Greeks to break their chains, the interference of the Western nations. The barbarians of the West lent their aid to their old masters, and Greece was free. For fifty years, with varying fortunes, Athens has been the capital of the Greek kingdom, the central point once more for all the race. It has flourished and grown populous; its schools and university are filled with scholars from all the cities of the Levant. It leads on Greek civilization, and encourages the hopes of the Greeks in the countries still subject to the Turk. The Greeks are the most intelligent, active, and prosperous of all the Orientals; they accumulate money, buy lands, plant schools and colleges, and are fast preparing themselves for the political revival that certainly awaits them in the future. A Greek empire, or rather a Greek republic, with its head at Athens or Constantinople, is the dream of the most advanced of the Attic politicians. The whole race seem alive with political excitement. They have won Epirus and Thessaly, and the large army at Athens will march to the frontier in the spring. Macedonia will next call for aid. Syria and Asia Minor and the islands must at last become Greek. Perhaps the solution of the Eastern question may end in the establishment of a Greek power like Switzerland or Belgium, protected by the Western states, and the debt of gratitude Europe owes to Greece be repaid by the gift of perfect freedom for the Greek.

Any good fortune that might befall the descendants of the heroes of Marathon and Salamis would bring a thrill of satisfaction to the people of Europe and America. Athens first taught the theory of popular sovereignty. It broke down caste and banished kings. It was the champion of popular rights; it fought for European and American freedom. We may hope that the Greeks will attain independence without bloodshed, and that the voice of all civilized nations will demand it in tones that will suffer no refusal.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

"TOO SICK TO ATTEND TO BUSINESS."

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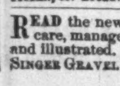

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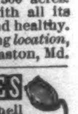

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[From the New York Times, Dec. 11.]

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[From the New York Commercial Advertiser, Dec. 24.]

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